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December, 1971

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PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

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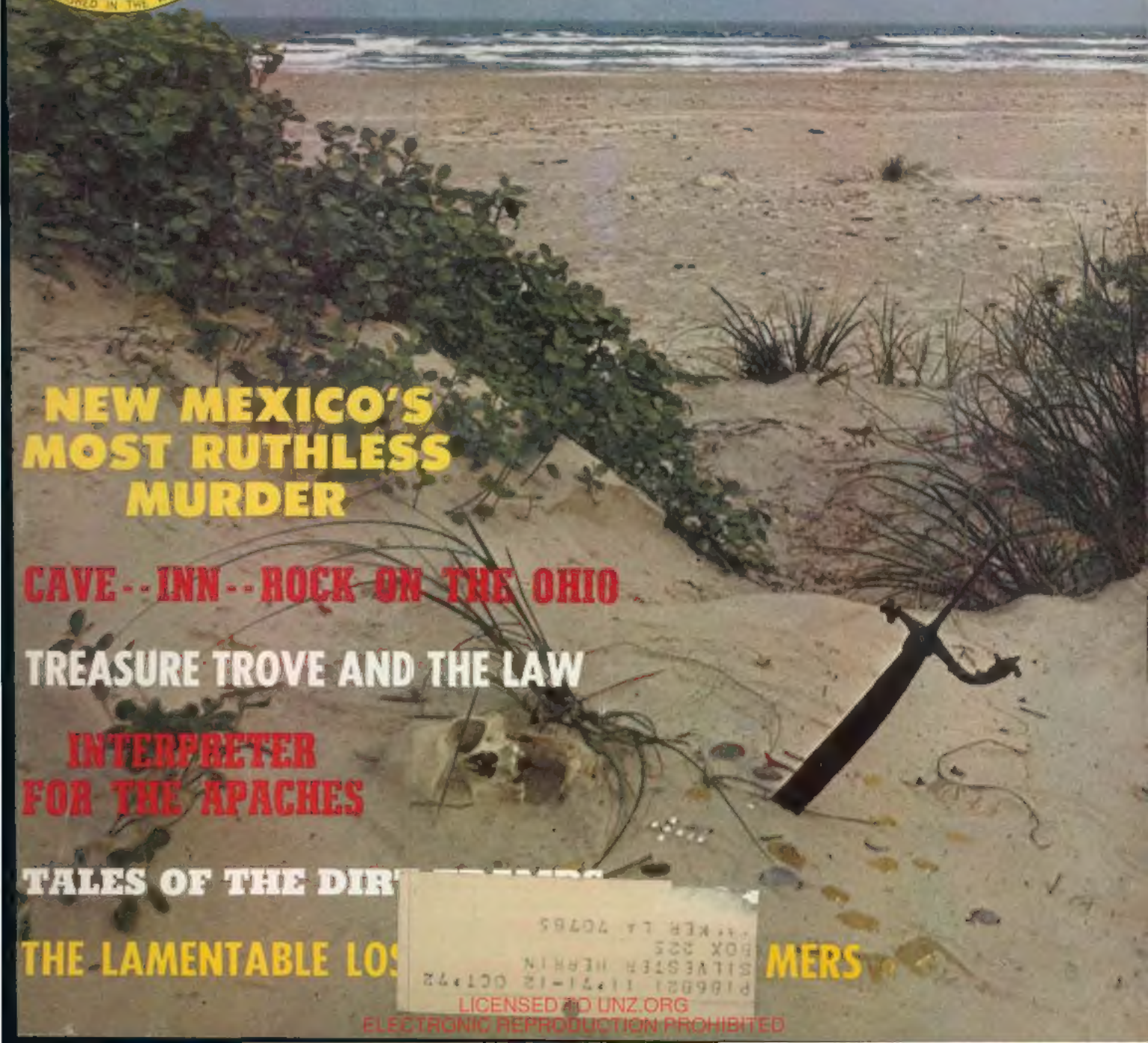

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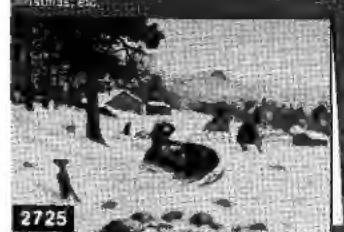

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A Joe Small Publication

November-December, 1971
Volume 19, No. 2
Whole No. 108

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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Marilyn White, Circulation Mgr.
Joe Small, Jr., Advertising Mgr.

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
TRAILS GROWN DIM 6
THE LAMENTABLE LOSS OF LA REINE DES MERS .. By Ford Green 8
NEW MEXICO'S MOST RUTHLESS MURDER .... By Phillip J. Rasch 11
GRANBY IDOL ..... By Bernice and Jack McGee 12
"DEATH" ON THE DESERT ..... By Charles Kelly 15
TREASURE TROVE AND THE LAW ..... By Thomas E. Haney 16
MONTANA WAS NOT FOR FARMERS ..... By Shirley R. Powell 19
TALES OF THE DIRT TRAMPS ..... By Jim Wilson 20
SHIRT-TAIL CANYON ..... By Kenneth S. Roe 24
INTERPRETER FOR THE APACHES ..... By Eve Ball 26
CAVE-INN-ROCK ON THE OHIO ..... By Eugene R. Anderson 28
WHITE COLLAR VERSUS BLACK BALL ..... By Victor H. White 32
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... By The Old Bookaroos 35
WILD OLD DAYS 38
A ROCKIN' GOOD TIME ..... By Arthur M. Isberg 42
DISCOVERY OF LONE TREE PASS ..... By Lynn Moore 44
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: William Mahan
Padre Island

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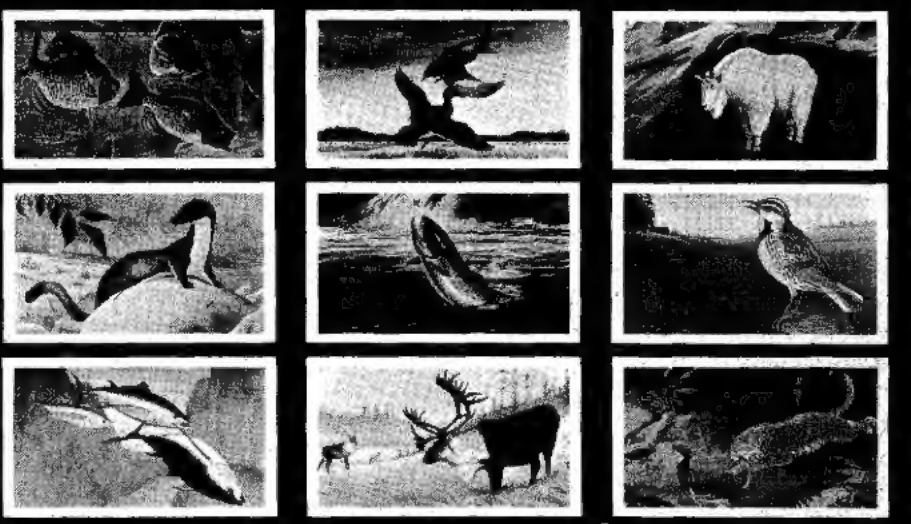

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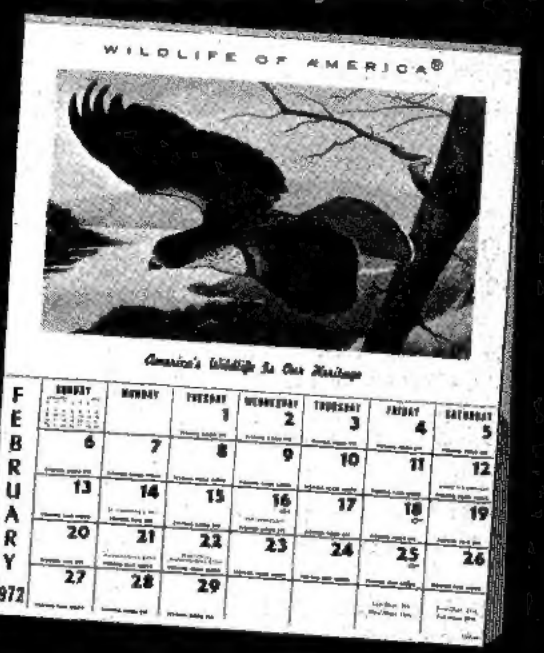

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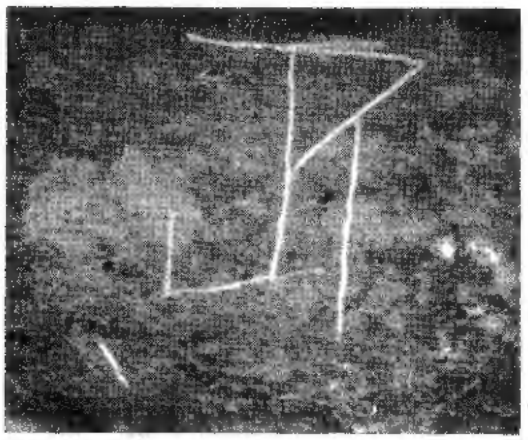
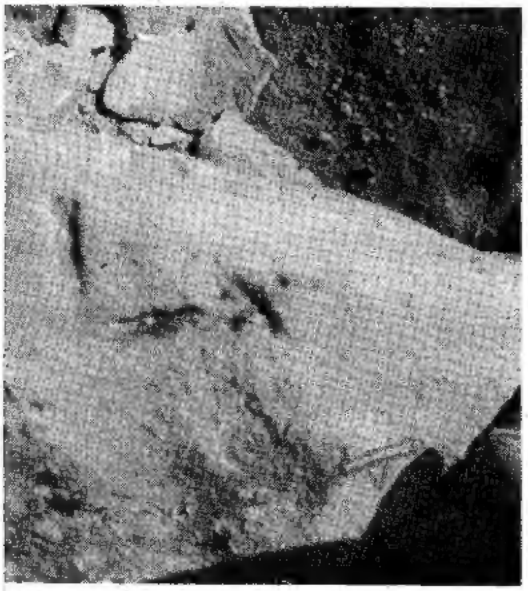
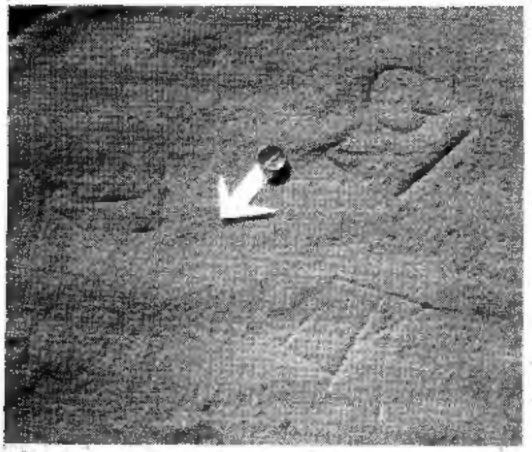






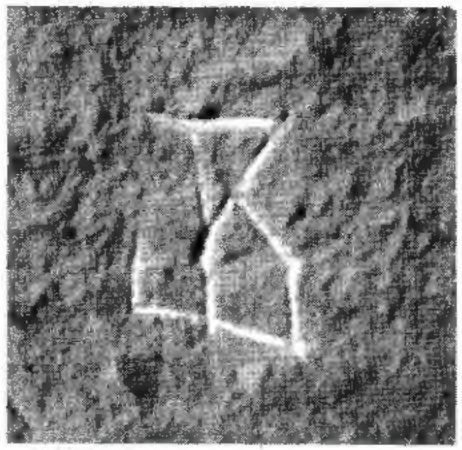
Spanish Treasure Signs?

For the past two years I have traced all the markings that were left by the Spanish when they buried their mule loads of gold involved in two separate stories near the Capitan Mountains of New Mexico.

In 1932, a man from Phoenix, Arizona had the map of one of these buried gold loads, but he did not know the location of the markings. The rancher he then contacted would not tell him of the location because the Phoenix man would not share any of the treasure with him.

I have over twenty-five markings photographed of these two stories, and I've enclosed the key markings. If anyone has any information on the stories about these markings, I would appreciate your contacting me.—Charles H. Topley, 229 West 3rd, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

These are some of the key markings.



Mail is Good Medicine

"Nevada Dick" has been feeling under the weather since the end of May. I know he would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows him personally or through his writings. Thought perhaps you could mention this in one of your columns the next issue that goes to press. His address is Route 1, Box 73, Silver Springs, Florida 32688.—Charlotte (Dickey) Peebles, Ocala, Florida 32670

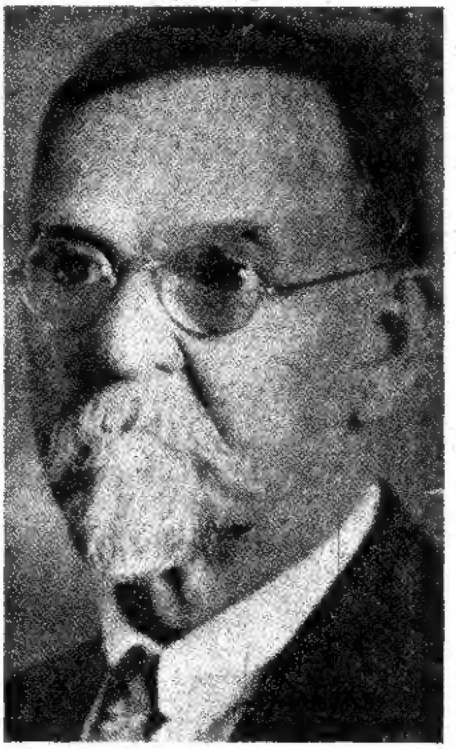
More on Caddo

Finding an old issue—June 1970—I ran across the story, "Bloody Caddo" about Ardmore, Oklahoma. My father, J. V. Fuller of Newport, Oklahoma, fifteen miles from Ardmore, knew all about this shoot-up and went to the trials. I personally knew Buck Garrett and Judge Matthew; I also knew of all the others mentioned in the story.

I personally knew Dr. Hardy. Buck Garrett was a good friend of my uncle, G. L. Evans, at Newport and was still sheriff when we moved to California in 1926. Dr. Hardy operated on me in 1923 for appendicitis and my brother, who was two years older than me, in 1924.

You evidently didn't have a picture of Dr. Hardy, and as he was the first person mentioned in the story by Louise Riotte, I'm sending you one I've had since just before he passed away.—Mrs. Willie Fuller Walker, 139 Star Route, Winston, Oregon 97496

Dr. Hardy



Did Frank James Limp?

I'm an old fan of your magazines—have all issues of FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, and all but five of TRUE WEST. In the early days I had a letter in TRUE WEST in which I remarked that instead of being glamorous,

(Continued on page 67)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Jewett

A friend of mine was telling me about her grandfather and what an exciting and interesting life he had. When she was a little girl living in Montana, her grandfather used to tell her about the times when he drove the stagecoach in and around Missoula. She can't remember any of the details of these experiences, and now that she's grown and has children of her own, she is wishing she had some of this knowledge to pass on to her family.

His name was Myron Pixley Jewett, and he lived in Montana all his life. He not only drove a stagecoach, but he was in the lumbering business (logger, I believe she said). His wife's name was Aurora Hager. His son, Howard Stanley Jewett, was born in Bannack in 1901, so that would put Myron's birthdate around the 1880s.

Ever since my friend told me about her grandfather I've thought it would be a nice surprise to be able to present to her some of her own family heritage that up to now has been hopelessly forgotten!—Mrs. Ann Johnson, Route #1, Box 320, Silverdale, Washington 98383

Logstrom

I am trying to locate descendants of Mary Cox and Tom Logstrom. Mary Cox was my father's (Hugh Cox) sister. She married Tom Logstrom in Fannin County, Texas and moved to San Bernardino, California where their daughter, Tilly, was born. I believe she also had a son.—Mrs. Eula Deans, General Delivery, North Uvalde, Texas 78801

Wellman

Am looking for information concerning my grandmother, Cora Lee (Witt or Whitt) Wellman and my grandfather, Henry Jackson Wellman. Just before World War 1, in Kentucky, my grandmother lost contact with her mother, Lillian Sadie (Milliner Witt) Burgress, her step-father, Ed Burgress (who worked for the railroad and had come over from Germany when a young man), and three step-bothers, Paul, Ernest, and Artimas.

She had one sister, Bessie, who married a man by the name of Williams and had one son. Her real father was George Witt [Whitt] from either Georgia or Alabama. His people were plantation owners and I believe he was a lawyer. Her parents were divorced when she was a baby and her mother kept the two girls on the move so their Dad could not find them. My grandmother never knew her father was alive until she was sixteen. Her mother ran a boarding house and/or bakery wherever she went. In 1957-58 my mother lived in Cosmoplis, Washington and found a friend of Great-grandmother Burgress and learned that the Burgress family had lived there during the 1920s. One of the sons, probably Ernest, had died there and they had another girl by then. They either moved to Tacoma, Washington or California. Lillian Sadie Burgress was an active member of the "Rebecca Club" wherever she went.

My grandfather's mother, Evelyn Roach (Mrs. Calvin) Wellman, died in West Virginia when he was eighteen months old. His grandparents, Catherine and James W. Roach, moved (we believe from Huntington) West Virginia to Montana in 1896-97. They took up a homestead near White Pine and raised him there. Am interested in their children. They had four girls, Evelyn (my great-grandmother), Lena or Jessie who died in La Grande, Oregon probably in the early 1930s, and Flora who married Joe Ward. The Wards adopted two children, Tommy who was a freshman in high school at White Pine in 1921 and Eva, who was two years younger and part Indian. There were two Roach sons, Mose or Moses and Dan. Mose Roach married an Indian woman and had at least one girl, Josephine, and had a homestead near or across the river from White Pine. He later moved to California (?) and died there. There is no trace of Dan Roach. There was a cousin (girl) who was also raised with my grandfather by the name of Garnett or Garnet. Do not know anything about her parents. There is one Roach girl I can't find a name for. If anyone knew these families and where their homesteads were and could contact me I would greatly appreciate it.—Mrs. Ronald E. Neal, Route 3, Box 488, Coeur D'Alene, Idaho 83814

Mager

I am trying to trace some relatives who emigrated to the United States in the early 1900s, my grandfather, Jack Mager (pronounced Major) and his wife Louisa. They had two sons: my father Jack Leslie George Mager, and my uncle William Lodsdale. They moved from Boston, England to Lincoln, England where I was born and raised.

The descendants I'm trying to trace are my grandfather's brother's children. As a small child I remember seeing a newspaper clipping of a hotel or theater and I remember Grandad saying they lived either in Galveston or Houston, Texas. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me information on these kin.

Also, my grandmother had a sister who moved to Canada. I remember the name of the town as Wascada, Manitoba. She told me they kept bees and made honey. If I'm correct, her married name was Fletcher.—Mrs. Jean Lamb, Route 1, Box 399, Muldrow, Oklahoma 74948

Varner

I am trying to locate a long lost uncle of my husband whom no one has heard from for many years. His name is Olen Keitt (Kit) Varner, born December 4, 1918. He was married to Antoinette Chirafis and had two children, Francis and Rose Ann. My husband's mother, Mrs. Arrena (Elbert) York, is one of his sisters and would like very much to locate him. If anyone can give us any information as to his whereabouts, please get in touch.—Mrs. Marvin York, 1955 Seminole, Amarillo, Texas 79103

Lott

I am trying to trace my great-grandfather, J. L. Lott, a full blood Creek Indian, born in 1836 in Mississippi. He married Elizabeth Parker McGee (McGhee), Cherokee Indian princess, born in 1846 in Mississippi. They had six children, Rhetta, Fannie, Viola (my grandmother), Lessie, Willie, and Sallie. They later moved to Texas and settled first around Madisonville and then moved to Austonio in Houston County. J. L. Lott had a brother named John who also lived in Austonio for a while.

I would like to get information on J. L. Lott's life in Mississippi or hear from any of his relatives or his wife's relatives or anyone who knew them.—Mrs. Benny Mancuso, 1005-½ Bowie, Crockett, Texas 75835

Beasley-McMahan

Any information on the following people and their families will be appreciated. David Beasley and his wife Eliza Long were married in Pope County, Arkansas in 1861. It is believed that David Beasley's mother was full blood Cherokee Indian.

I am looking for information on John Riley McMahan and his wife Mary Mullins. They lived in Missouri around 1860.—Kathy Smith, 650 North 8th, Enid, Oklahoma 73701

Collins-Johnson-Lovett

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has any information about John Collins, born in Tennessee. He was a widower with seven children when he married Mily Johnson. He died in 1872 and was buried in Maury County, Tennessee. His children by Mily Johnson were Sarah Jane, born August 30, 1844; John Biars, born November 14, 1848; Zibbie C. (Harmon) born July 7, 1856; James A. P., born September 23, 1858; Lewis H., born March 8, 1864; Malissa Frances (Book-

(Continued on page 31)

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(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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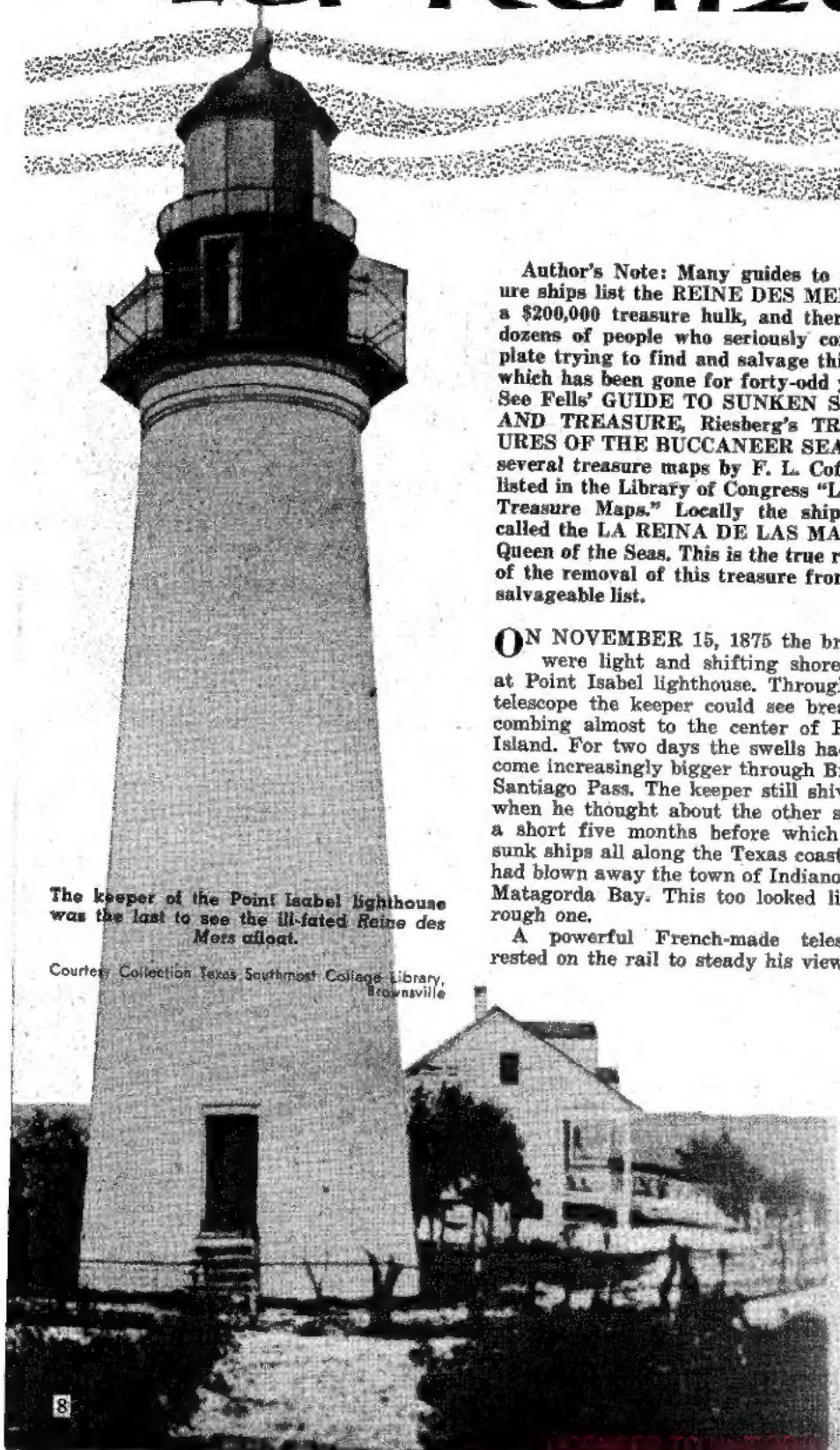
Many people still have hopes of finding a cargo of wine which, according to the author, made a whale of a Saturday night for the sharks nearly fifty years ago!

THE LAMENTABLE La Reine Des



The keeper of the Point Isabel lighthouse was the last to see the ill-fated *Reine des Mers* afloat.

Courtesy Collection Texas Southmost College Library, Brownsville

Author's Note: Many guides to treasure ships list the REINE DES MERS as a $200,000 treasure hulk, and there are dozens of people who seriously contemplate trying to find and salvage this one which has been gone for forty-odd years. See Fells' GUIDE TO SUNKEN SHIPS AND TREASURE, Riesberg's TREASURES OF THE BUCCANEER SEA, and several treasure maps by F. L. Coffman listed in the Library of Congress "List of Treasure Maps." Locally the ship was called the LA REINA DE LAS MARES, Queen of the Seas. This is the true record of the removal of this treasure from the salvageable list.

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1875 the breezes were light and shifting shoreward at Point Isabel lighthouse. Through his telescope the keeper could see breakers combing almost to the center of Padre Island. For two days the swells had become increasingly bigger through Brazos Santiago Pass. The keeper still shivered when he thought about the other storm a short five months before which had sunk ships all along the Texas coast and had blown away the town of Indianola at Matagorda Bay. This too looked like a rough one.

A powerful French-made telescope rested on the rail to steady his view out over the pass. Through the haze he could see a ship, a five masted schooner far too much heeled over for the amount of wind, slowly making for the now indistinct opening between Padre and Brazos Islands. The breakers were piling high on the treacherous bar outside the pass, deposited there by the Gulf Stream. No telling what the erratic currents and swells would make the depths over that bar under these conditions. Evidently the captain was experienced, for out a respectable distance from that bar he came about into the swells and ran out both his fore anchors with big chains, and with rudder he shifted the stern to run out more spares with rope.

After the sails were down the keeper could see that the ship had a 40 degree list, which slowly shifted as the swells rolled her, most of the time with the gunwales almost awash. Clearly the captain didn't want to try crossing that bar, no matter how inviting the quiet bay looked. The keeper, Old Man Lightbourne, could see that everything was being done which could be done to make the ship secure, but it wasn't hopeful from his point of view, and probably not from the view of the captain. Finally the boats were run out and the crew, bundled in their crude life preservers, headed for the quietest looking point in the tumbling breakers over the bar.

During the last few hours the sky had become gradually darker and dirtier-colored. By the time the lifeboats had made their precarious trip over the bar into the relatively quiet bay, the southeastern half of the sky-dome had become a greenish black, with the sun lowering a brown cast to the other half of it. The keeper knew that business was about to pick up.

The frantic rowers made for the short wharves on the mainland as the keeper watched the gathering storm. Not long after they tied up, the devastating blow hit. As many of the people as could be accommodated crowded into the more substantial houses of the town and the lighthouse. The brick store of the Cham-

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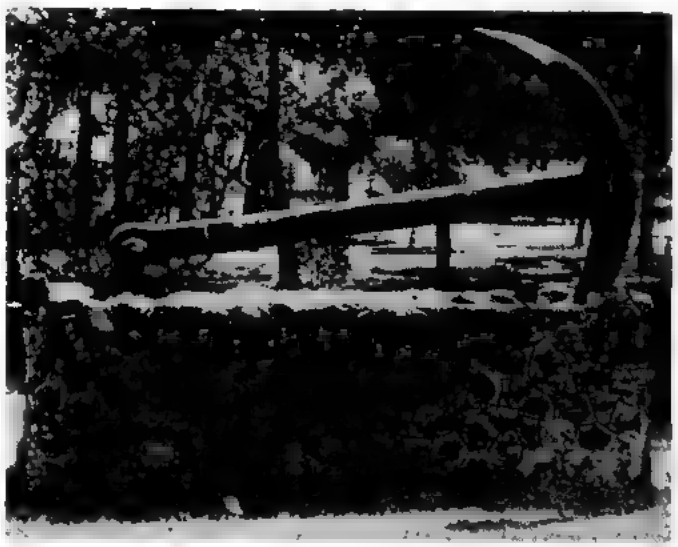
By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author

LOSS OF MERS

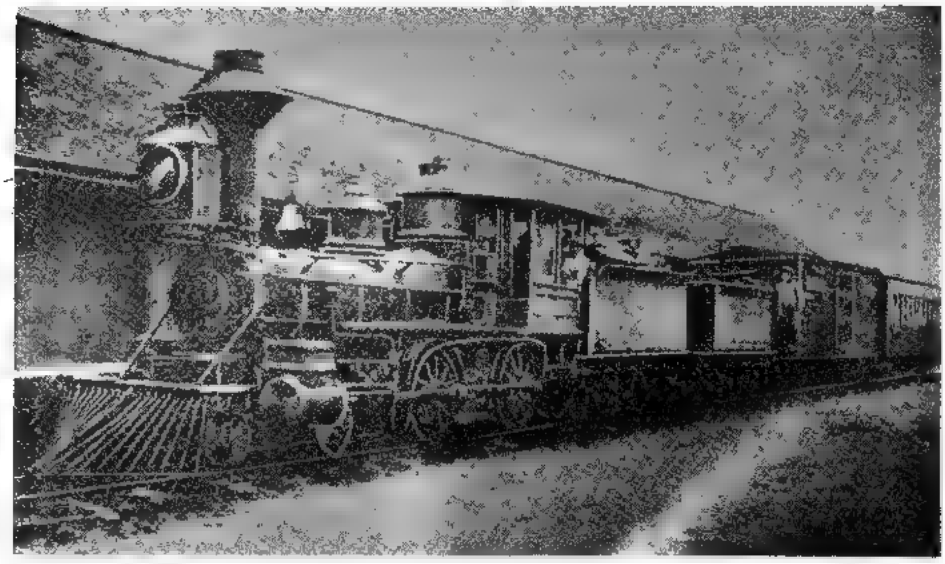
pion family, with doors solid enough to repel bandits, shook in the storm. Up on the hill around the lighthouse, some twenty feet higher, were some other tight houses which had ridden out the previous storm. The crew of Frenchmen off the schooner took shelter wherever they could find it. The keeper of the lighthouse had alerted the people hours before and they were giving a helping hand, though they themselves were battening down for the blow. Two days of increasing swells against Padre and the pass had shown a big one was coming.

MANY hours later the eye of the storm passed, but the moonlight was not bright enough to see anything over near the island. A day and a half after the blow finally subsided it was still dark and the swells were running high. When the keeper looked out over the flattened town, the changed shorelines of the pass,

Above, the Rio Grande train, running between Brownsville and Port Isabel, Tex. At right, the anchor of the *Reine des Mers* is now at the office of the port authority in Brownsville, Texas. Below, the U.S. hopper dredge, *Absecon*. The remains of the *Reine des Mers* and her liquid treasure were discovered by the crew of the *Absecon* while on government dredging operations in the Brazos Pass.



Courtesy U.S. Corps of Engineers



A Rio Grande Railroad engine near Brownsville, Texas.

he could see five posts sticking up about a quarter mile seaward from the now quiet combing breakers on the diminished bar. Between fifteen and twenty feet of all five masts stuck out of the water.

The shaken Frenchmen had told their tale of terror, of struggling to stay out of the grip of the storm for the preceding week and luckily outrunning it. The ship's owners had Lloyds insurance of $200,000 on their cargo, which heavily loaded the holds. The crew was safe now and that was all that mattered. They were not salvagers and neither were the shaken people of Point Isabel. Just another ship had been lost off the pass, which had claimed numerous ships from the time of the Mexican War onward.

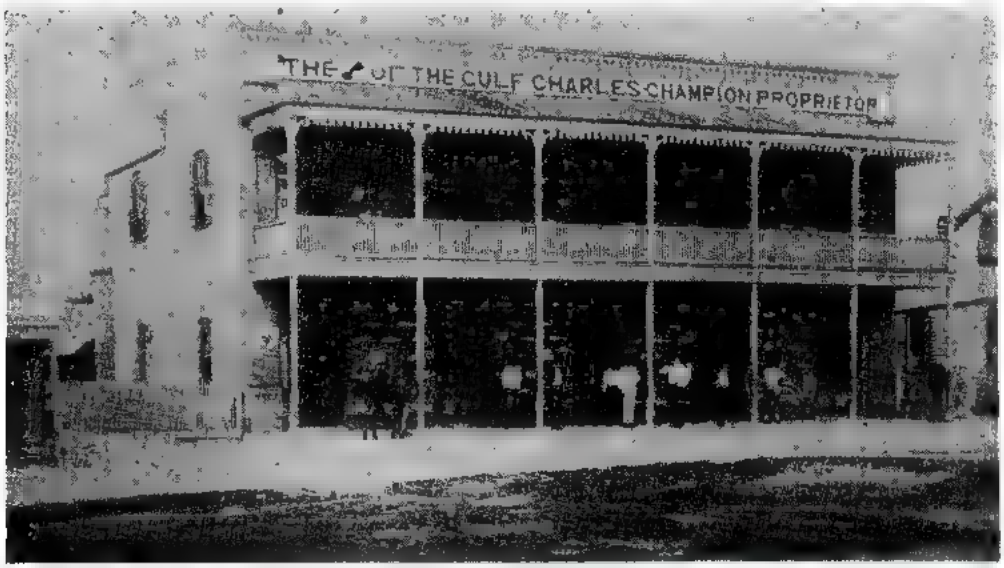
Lloyds Coffee House in London rang the bell salvaged from the *Lutine* to announce the routine loss of another underwritten ship not too spectacular, but a jolt for the people who had signed the policy; and somehow the records of Lloyds showed that a ship loaded with $200,000 of somebody's valuables was on the bottom off Point Isabel, on into history.

In time, Old Man Lightbourne retired and his daughter, who had been born in the lighthouse, married the assistant keeper Lambert, and now set up housekeeping in the tall brick tower. The Champion boy succeeded to ownership of the store which was the whole commercial center of Point Isabel except for the railroad warehouses. Ships had got to be too big to come over the bar, but a thriving lighterage business had grown up. Steamers regularly hove to, to lighter people and freight in front of the pass, and the Gulf Stream had slowly deposited another hump of sand in front of the bar which was now somewhat seaward of where it had been many years before.

Years later, the Rio Grande Valley had its big expansion with the arrival of the railroad across the Mesteña Desert. The stop off the pass was no longer profitable for the steamers. But dissatisfaction with the railroad after it became a branch of the mighty Missouri Pacific line increased. In the twenties people raised enough money and applied enough political pressure to get the Corps of Engineers dredge *Absecon* to start the job of deepening the Brazos Pass. Draglines were dredging a dockage front and turning basin. The booming Valley could assure enough traffic to make Port Isabel a reality.

The Champion's family store was one of the more substantial buildings in Port Isabel and was used as a community shelter during the storm.

Courtesy A. A. Champion, Brownsville



IN 1927 the *Absecon* was busily fighting sand and currents of the bar to form a really deep channel through the pass. Thousand-horsepower pumps were shooting monster jets which sucked up sand and clay by the hundreds of cubic yards an hour and spouted it through pipes to spoil banks out where it was hoped it would not be carried back into the channel. (This operation was not really successful until later years when stone jetties were constructed far enough out to keep the currents from redepositing sand in the channel.)

The jets suddenly struck something more solid than anything that was supposed to be on the bar though the remains of several ancient wrecks were thought to be in the general area. Engineers had none of today's sophisticated surveying equipment for analyzing subsoil conditions or they would have found the wreck before they started digging. It didn't take long for the 36-inch suction pipes and the smaller and more flexible hoses of the hard hat divers to clean the sand off of the wreck.

Mrs. Lambert, who by then was stone deaf and very old, and Old Man Champion remembered; and the LaRoche brothers, who ran a line of passenger launches, had heard of the storm from their parents. It had been fifty-two years, yet there were plenty of people still around who remembered when questions were asked. Since everybody spoke Spanish the name *Reine des Mers* had now become *La Reina de las Mares*—anyway The Queen of the Seas, but under them.

The sand had protected the hulk from the teredos which usually turned a wreck into pulp in a matter of a few years in these latitudes. This one was still like rock, with the decks solid and even stubs of the masts intact up to a scant fifteen feet below the surface. The dredge's clamshell bucket took the top off the cabin and quarters, and the hoses of the divers carefully cleaned them out. Nothing of interest was found. A hatch over the cargo was broached and jets cleaned into the main hold. Yes, the treasure of the cargo was still there, and in good condition! Water and sand pressure had lessened the strain on the inverted bottles of the cargo. The corks had not leaked the least bit as most of them were either sealed with wax or, in the case of the champagne bottles, wired down. A ship over 150 feet long full of fine French wines and champagnes—priceless in this prohibition era, worth several times the underwriters' loss on the bootleg market. But this was a U.S. Government Corps of Army Engineers dredge, and the hard hat divers had to hide the few bottles which the crew sampled. It wasn't bad stuff either, in spite of fifty years under the sand and sea; I know, for I was on board filling in for a vacationing worker, helping rig

(Continued on page 60)

NEW MEXICO'S MOST RUTHLESS MURDER

A young, armed male on the rampage depleted the little town before it could defend itself

By PHILLIP J. RASCH

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

DISCUSSIONS of the reign of the Colt and the Winchester in pioneer New Mexico almost always center around one or another of the various "wars" that wracked the Territory or on the exploits of the noted gunmen who infested the area. It would be a safe bet that of the regular readers of western magazines only a handful could so much as identify the name Martin Nelson, yet this twenty-four-year-old Swede in a period of only four hours murdered more people than were killed in most of these "wars" or by the majority of the most bloodthirsty gunslingers.

His first victim was Dr. William H. Flynn, a physician and owner of a drug store in Boston. Due to impaired health he left the store in the care of his brother and spent the winter of 1884-1885 in Santa Fe, residing at a boarding house operated by Mrs. E. N. Cone. Much improved, he joined his landlady and a Mr. and Mrs. Burt in a trip to open a summer boarding house Mrs. Cone owned on the Rio Bonito. When urgent business recalled the lady to Santa Fe, the doctor agreed to stay on and look after her household effects until such time as she could return. Quarters were obtained for him in Bonito City, a little mining camp about fifteen miles east of Fort Stanton, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mayberry, a family of excellent reputation who owned a one-and-one-half story house and took in a few boarders. Dr. Flynn shared an upstairs room with

(Continued on page 60)

GRANBY IDOL

Author's note: Lela Smith McQueary, now a resident of Denver, graciously shared her information about this unusual artifact after reading "Runestones and Tombstones," Old West, Winter 1969.

By BERNICE & JACK McGEE

Photos Courtesy Authors

NEAR the venerable Colorado River's headwaters a corpse-in-stone has risen from its ancient grave. A blackish stone idol, its face carved into a wide, toothy grin, has ample reason to laugh. He asks three provocative riddles—each one stirring the hopes of historians to heights higher and wilder than the Rocky Mountains from which he came.

When found a half-century ago, a partial answer came from geologists who offered one clue. The rock was indigenous to a type found in Turkey—Asia Minor! Then, still grinning, the idol slipped back into a state of limbo, waiting in obscurity for a time when history and language specialists would be armed with a fifty-year gain in modern technology. He waited for one man who would someday recognize, appreciate and understand him. That man would be Dr. Cyclone Covey.

To understand the idol's future, we must dwell briefly on his past. In 1920 a rancher named Chalmers was working with a team and slip in a small draw about seven miles northeast of Granby, Grand County, Colorado. That day his labor was centered on the small reservoir he was scooping out of his homestead, and no one was more surprised than he when the scraper resurrected the laughing boulder from Chalmers Ranch soil.

Lela Smith boarded on the McQueary Ranch during the winter of 1922-23 and taught school on Willow Creek, where her six pupils all lived within skiing distance of school. That winter Lela first

The Granby Idol, with its mysterious carvings, baffled authorities.

Above, right, The pupils of Sleepy Hollow school spent many a noon hour playing in the shallow portion of the Colorado River. This spot is about a mile above the canyon where the Granby Dam was built between 1946-'51.

heard about the strange rock. When school was out in the spring, she spent a week's vacation in Denver, but hurried back to resume teaching summer school on the Monarch Lake Road, shown on some maps as Sleepy Hollow.

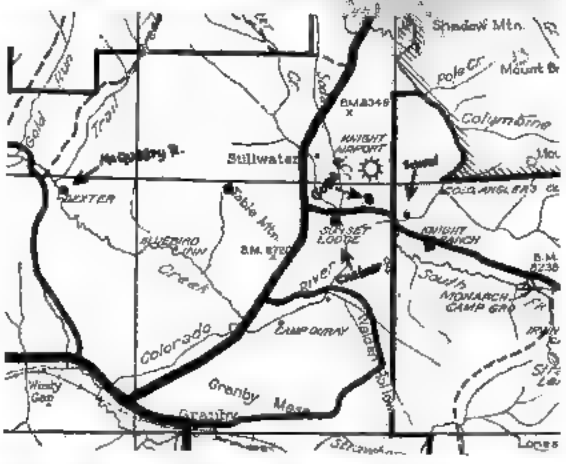
The children of this small community rode horseback to their little log schoolhouse; one sixth grader lived six miles away. To be nearer the school, Lela Smith boarded on the old Chalmers Ranch, where a widow and her family were trying to establish a summer resort called Sunset Lodge. Again she heard of the inscribed rock when the new owner pointed out the location where it

Above, Cold Springs Ranch (now the Gore Ranch), owned by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gore, where Lela Smith boarded in 1924. Below, a 1939 map of Arapaho National Forest, showing the McQueary Ranch (marked "Dexter" on map). The Chalmer homestead is shown as Sunset Lodge. Cold Spring Ranch is shown as Gore Ranch. Location of Sleepy Hollow school is indicated.

Sleepy Hollow school in 1923.

Only sixteen inches tall, his small rounded body is a giant among those studying his impudent riddles:

1. Who planed my belly smooth and flat, then covered it with what strange alphabet?
2. Why decorate my back and sides with diplodocus and mammoth? Weren't both extinct long before men like my creator could write?
3. I am a stranger here among your Western rocks. Find where my foreign stone was sculpt and why I was brought, then abandoned, so far from home.



The photo on left, above, shows the mammoth carving, while the diplodocus carving is on the reverse side.

had been uncovered in a draw just a few yards down the slope in front of the house. Chalmers' son, Bud, had the rock in Granby where it was kept in his garage.

Lela later moved to the adjoining Cold Springs Ranch on the east of Chalmers', owned by an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gore. Between the Chalmers and Gore ranches, Stillwater Creek emptied into the Colorado River which entered a canyon at this point. These geographical locations would later play an important part in the idol's past history. A mile to the west was the south end of Table Mountain bordering the Grand Lake Road. Here, an unimproved road turned off to accommodate the ranches up on the Colorado River's South Fork. This road passed through the Chalmers' homestead, then followed the terrain down to other ranches on the river bottom. Late maps do not show these details.

FOR SEVERAL years there had been rumors of the government building a dam across the mouth of Stillwater

Creek, but nothing was being done to form the newly proposed lake.

Dams, rocks and inscriptions were foreign subjects to Lela Smith. Outside of teaching school, all she thought of was the mailbox, a mile and a half away on the Grand Lake Road at the foot of Table Mountain. Going for the mail three times a week was her greatest diversion, since there were no young people in the area with whom to get acquainted. Oh, occasionally a black Ford touring car could be seen parked at the Gore Ranch —probably Ralph McQueary coming to court Miss Lela, as they were married in late summer of 1924. The McQueary Ranch, where she boarded that first winter in Colorado is now Dexter on the map.

Most folks didn't believe the idol was worth anything to anybody—just a hunk of gray granite to be stared at by the curious, examined by a few authorities, then branded by them as an item to be "disregarded."

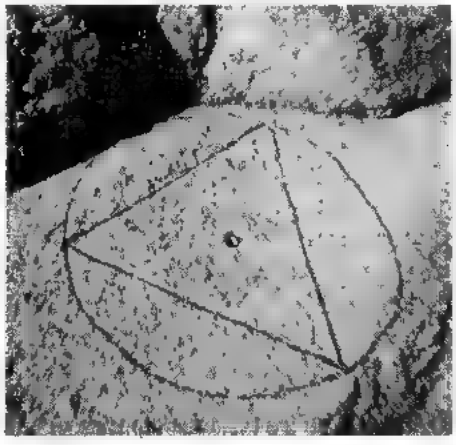
A few people suspected it might have historical value. Lela Smith McQueary was one, another was Henry F. Knight, who purchased the stone at a reported $300, then presented it to a museum in St. Louis, Missouri.

Harry Knight had become interested in the inscribed idol during summers spent at the Lehman Ranch, two miles or so above the Gore Ranch. Sometime between 1926-28, he bought the Lehman property and contributed handsomely toward building a schoolhouse later named Knight School. He even built a landing field on a mesa behind the new schoolhouse. His interest in planes, airstrips and St. Louis lends credibility to the story of his being a backer of Charles Lindbergh.

Rumor became fact, and one day construction of the Granby Dam began. During the years of its building, those people still cognizant of the little idol's unsolved past requested the Bureau of Reclamation to make some effort toward further explorations of the discovery-site before it was inundated by waters from the Granby Reservoir. Halfway between Table Mountain and Stillwater Creek a hole was dug, one hundred and fifty feet long and eight feet deep. But this hasty examination revealed nothing.

Completed in 1951, the reservoir was estimated to cover an area six and one half miles in length, three and a half miles in width. Beneath it lay the ranches, roads, schools—all that was once connected with the idol was gone!

After reading "Runestones and Tombstones," Lela McQueary answered our plea for information regarding any unusual inscriptions known to the reader. She remembered the still unexplained idol and gave us what data she had concerning the idol's history. Along with names of people and places, she sent three rare photographs of the idol, given her in 1945 by Pearl Chalmers, daughter-in-law of the man who had saved the stone from a much wetter and deeper grave It seems ironic that a homesteader's small reservoir was responsible for its discovery, and the mammoth Granby Reservoir would consign it to oblivion.



Above, left, the circle with equilateral triangle. It is located in Sundown Valley, Kern County, California, on the south fork of the Kern River. It was discovered by Mr. Buck Rains of Lake Isabella. Photo by Walter Armastrout. Above, right, Lela Smith, schoolteacher, riding on the Chalmers ranch. Below, Sunset Lodge in 1923. This was the old Chalmers homestead, where the idol was found.

COMPARING the belly-inscription against our personal file of ancient scripts, we found nothing which matched. So we immediately sent the photographs to Dr. Covey, professor of Ancient and Colonial History at Wake Forest University. In return, Dr. Covey surprised us with news of his own. In the writing of his latest manuscript, "Ancient Chinese Sojourns in America," he had laboriously concluded that one river juncture in the Chinese mountain and sea classic, *Shan Hai Jing*, must be identified as the Grand County locale at the "early stages of the Colorado River." Within weeks of making this deduction, we, in complete innocence of either the manuscript *or* his conclusion, had sent him Lela McQueary's photographs. He admittedly sat dumfounded when staring at the belly-inscription. It was ancient Chinese!

He verified the inscription as pre-Shang linear Chinese, with most of the characters being identifiable. The "F" looking symbol means "below"; the "E" means "north." The other symbols have parallels in pictorial ideographs before they became square and stylized. Although the entire message is not yet known to us at this writing, it gives directions for finding food in the vicinity related to the confluence of Stillwater Creek and South Fork with the Colorado River. Fruit and fish!

Dr. Covey is not certain of the art style which looks tantalizingly familiar —in a way, Olmec—but that is another connection he is exploring—the possible Asian origin of the Olmec culture.

Dr. Covey is far from alone in his investigation of Chinese explorations of America. Chinese, French, German, English and American scholars have long pondered the literature of the *Shan Hai Jing* and the documented later voyage of Hwui Shan the Buddhist monk who, with four other priests, found and explored lands to the east of China 1,000 years before Columbus, 500 years before the Vikings!

Hwui Shan's graphic account could only have come from a man who had seen the lands and their people along a voyage taking them 44,000 "li" east of China. He described sailing past the islands of Japan to a place northeast they called "Wen Schin," or Land of Painted People, where tattooed savages rebuffed the party of Buddhist priests. (Thought to be the Kurile Islands.)

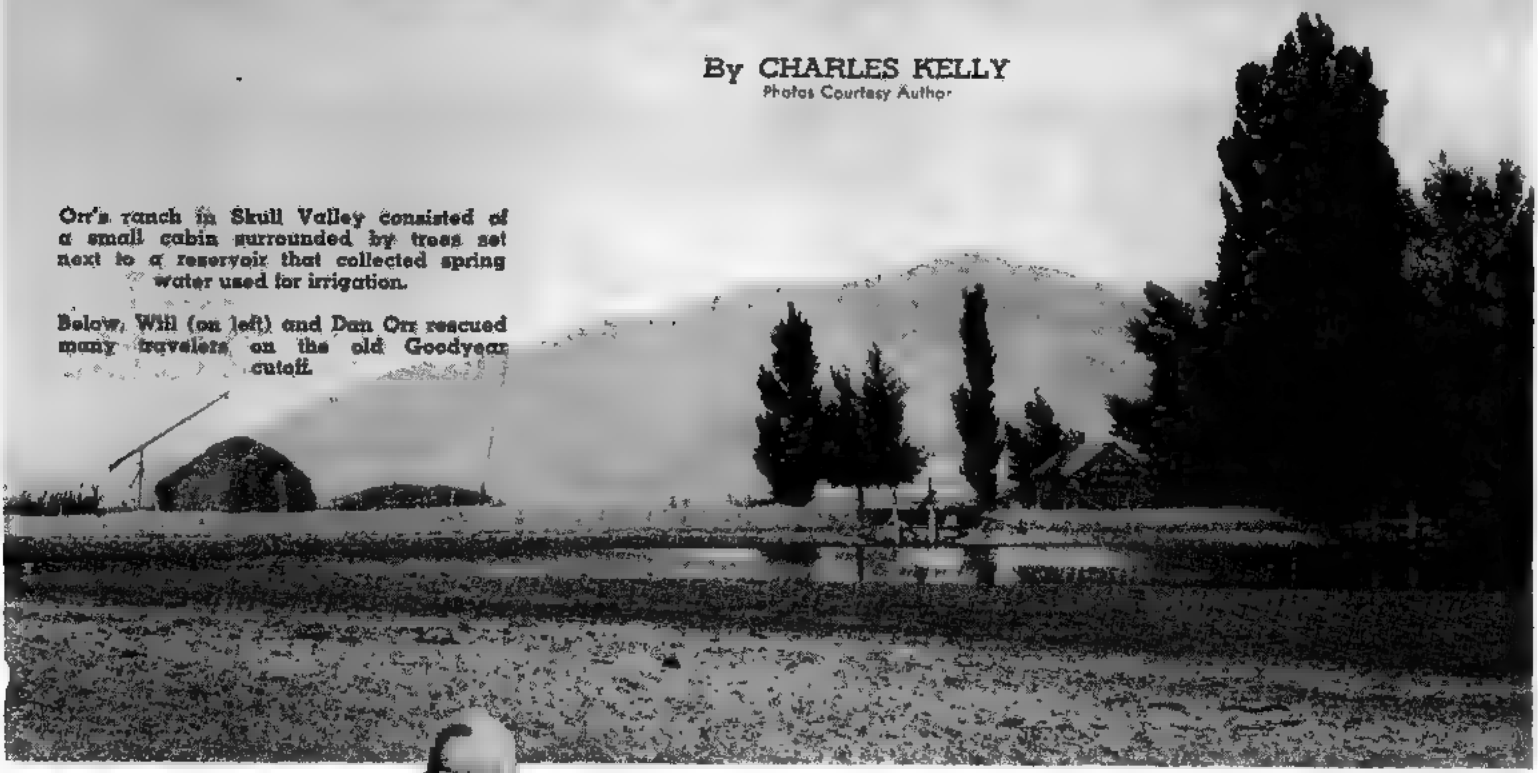
"Ta Han" was yet farther to the northeast. The tongue spoken here was different from the Kuriles, and the tat-

(Continued on page 57)

"DEATH" ON THE DESERT

By CHARLES KELLY

Photos Courtesy Author



Orr's ranch in Skull Valley consisted of a small cabin surrounded by trees set next to a reservoir that collected spring water used for irrigation.

Below, Will (on left) and Dan Orr rescued many travelers on the old Goodyear cutoff.

It's always lurking there, all right, but the man in this story sort of helped it along!

FOR a good many years after the invention of the automobile there were no transcontinental highways where a car could travel from coast to coast. Gradually roads were built from east to west and from west toward the east, until there was just one gap left. That was in Utah, and the missing link was across a section of the Great Salt Desert, a very treacherous bit of terrain.

Finally the Goodyear Tire company decided to build a road across that one stretch of salty desert so that there would be a complete road across the continent for automobile travel, thus promoting the sale of their tires, since neither the State of Utah nor the government would finance the project. In later years this road was called the Lincoln Highway.

The road passed through Skull Valley, Utah, so named by a Captain Simpson of a government survey party because Indians buried their dead in swampy springs, and winter frosts brought the skulls to the surface. In the center of the valley was Orr's ranch, the only human habitation along that stretch of road. It had been located by Matthew Orr, a Scot who found it difficult to live at peace with his neighbors. The ranch was located at some springs flowing out of the flat desert. A dam below the springs impounded water for irrigating a few acres of alfalfa. Three buildings had been built there, besides the original log cabin which at the time of this story was used as an overnight stopping place for travelers.

One day in the early twenties a car pulled in to the ranch, headed west and filled up with gas which the Orr brothers kept in barrels for emergency use. Apparently the travelers did not carry canteens for water, not having ever traveled such a desert road. The family consisted of father, mother and two teen-age

(Continued on page 64)

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TREASURE TROVE AND THE LAW

By THOMAS E. HANEY
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

No one article can cover every contingency, but this one will give you a start toward knowing if your new-found treasure will wind up with your name on it or not...

MOST treasure hunters fail to consider that in the event they are successful, others may lay claim to the treasure. It is possible, in fact, for the finder not only to be left without his treasure but to receive nothing for his efforts in locating it.

A landowner, for instance, may institute a claim on the basis that he has rights to anything found on his property, and that the finder simply holds the treasure in constructive trust for the landowner. Such a doctrine is recognized in at least two states. In most foreign countries, the state lays claim to any treasure found in that country. Or third parties may lay claim to a treasure on the basis that they are the heirs of the original owner and, if they can show some reasonable connection to the original owner, will often be successful.

By and far the fairest doctrine yet developed to reward the finder for his efforts, and as a result encourage search and discovery, is the doctrine of Treasure Trove.

According to the common law, treasure trove is any gold or silver in coin, plate, or bullion found concealed in the earth or in a house or other private place, but not lying on the ground, whose owner is unknown. It is not essential to its character as treasure trove that the thing shall have been hidden in the ground; it is sufficient if it is found concealed in other places such as bureaus, safes, machinery, and the like. While strictly speaking treasure trove is gold or silver, it has been held to include the paper representatives of gold and silver. This, of course, means paper money.

Treasure trove carries with it the thought of antiquity. To be classed as treasure trove, the treasure must have been hidden or concealed so long as to indicate that the owner is probably dead or unknown. The rule of treasure trove is of ancient origin and arose by virtue of the concealment in the ground and other hiding places of coin, bullion, and plate of the Roman conquerors when they were driven from the British Isles. These Romans expected to return at a later date and reclaim their buried and hidden treasures. For a time laws were in effect which gave all this treasure trove when discovered to the king or government, but it was later held to belong to the finder, and this regardless of whether he was in ownership or possession of the land where the treasure was found.

IN ADDITION to treasure trove, there are four other categories of found

property: Lost, mislaid, and abandoned property as well as a category known as "property embedded in the soil."

Lost property may be defined as that which the owner has involuntarily parted with through neglect, carelessness, or inadvertence. There is a presumption of abandonment until the owner appears and claims the property that gives the right as legal possessor to the finder. Accordingly, it is the general rule that the finder of lost property has a right to possession superior to that of the owner or occupant of the premises where it is found.

Mislaid property is that which the owner intentionally places where he can again resort to it, and then forgets. Mislaid property is presumed to be left in the custody of the owner or occupier of the premises upon which it is found. It is generally held that the right of possession to mislaid property as against all except the true owner is in the owner or occupant of such premises.

Abandonment, on the other hand, is the voluntary relinquishment of ownership of property without reference to any particular person or purpose, whereby the thing so dealt ceases to be the property of any person and becomes the property of the finder who reduces it to possession. The general rule is that property abandoned by the original owner becomes the property of the one who first discovers it and takes it into his possession. The owner of the premises upon which it is found has no claim.

The last category, things embedded in the soil constitutes property not possessing the characteristics of treasure trove, which is found embedded in the soil under circumstances repelling the idea that it has been lost. The finder acquires no rights thereto, for the presumption is that possession of the article found is in the owner of the land and, accordingly, it is held [illegible] right to possession of such property is in the landowner. An example of this type of property would be antique bottles or other historical artifacts.

THE FOLLOWING are actual cases decided in courts of law recognizing the doctrine of treasure trove:

In Marshalltown, Iowa in June 1933 Etta Zornes, a widow, lived in a small modest leased home with her father and small daughter, Ida Mae. It seems that the children in the neighborhood, including Ida Mae Zornes, were in the habit of hiding in a closet adjacent to a bedroom in the home as they went about their play. One day they discovered a

place in the floor of the closet where the boards had been sawed in two. Their curiosity getting the better of them, they pried up the board. The floor was off the ground several inches, leaving room for the children to crawl in and hide under the trap door.

One day Ida Mae, while digging around under the trap door found a cement slab and removed it. Beneath it, in a small hole, was an old granite pail with a tin lid. Rust had eaten the pail full of holes. Inside the bucket were fruit jars wrapped in cloth. They had been there so long that when exposed to the air the cloth crumbled to pieces. There were three ordinary glass fruit jars, each containing mixed amounts of gold and silver coins as well as aged paper money. Ida Mae took the jars to her grandfather, who for a time placed them in a bureau drawer, and after consulting with Mr. Rhodes, a banker, the money was taken to the Fidelity Savings Bank, which sent the paper money to Washington, D. C., for identification and redemption. The gold and silver coins which constituted the bulk of the find were put in a safety deposit box, after being counted. No one saw fit to make any record of the dates upon the coins, in order to ascertain the probable date of their having been secreted under the floor.

Some of the paper money turned out to be so badly moulded and decayed that the government was unable to identify its denominations and hence it was not redeemable. The coins were determined to consist of $140 in silver dollars, $16.50 in fifty-cent pieces, $4.75 in twenty-five cent pieces, $165 in five dollar gold pieces, $340 in ten dollar gold pieces, and $440 in twenty dollar gold pieces. The paper money which was not totally faded consisted of $13 in ones, $4 in twos, $50 in fives, and one ten dollar bill, making a grand total of bills and coin of $1,183.25. One of the ten dollar bills was dated 1921 and signed by Fawcett Nevada. Just who Fawcett may be is not known.

When the owners of the house, R. J. Bowen and Clara L. Bowen, heard about the money they claimed that it belonged to them as the owners of the house. The Zornes, on the other hand, contended that as tenants and finders, the money was rightfully theirs. Neither contended to be the original owners of the money, and efforts to determine who placed it in hiding were unsuccessful.

As far as can be determined, title to the real estate was acquired by one Mary C. Seaver in 1908. She lived in the house with her husband. They had two children, Clara L. who married R. J. Bowen, and Dora who married a man by the name of Sullivan. Mary Seaver and her husband were poor, he being a common laboring man. It is said that he was unable to earn sufficient money to pay the living expenses of his family and his taxes.

Dora and her husband lived with the Seavers in a part of the house which included the bedroom off which was the closet where the trap door was discovered. Dora Sullivan's husband never worked, and it is thought that he was a beggar. Mrs. Seaver became insane prior to her death in 1920. Mr. Seaver, after his wife's death, continued to reside in the house with his daughter Dora until he died of old age in 1923, having become quite feeble for some time prior to his death. Dora died in 1927, leaving no children. Later her husband died.

There was rumor that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Seaver ever deposited money in banks. It is also rumored that Mrs. Seaver inherited some money from an estate in 1891. R. J. Bowen claimed that the Seavers wore belts in which they concealed gold coin. After the death of the Sullivans, Clara and R. J. Bowen became the owners of the property and leased it to the Zornes.

The entire matter was brought into court and trial held. It was the finding of the court "that the money unearthed by the minor Ida Mae Zornes is treasure trove." The result of this order was to leave the money in the possession of the finder as against everyone except the true owner.

IN Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin in early November 1945, the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church formed a "Carpet Rag Committee" to make rag rugs. They procured carpet rags, sewn end-to-end and rolled into balls, from whatever source they could and then parceled them out to women to whom they paid an agreed amount per square yard for weaving into rugs.

A Mrs. Accola and a Mrs. Stetler, acting on behalf of the society, delivered to a Mrs. Zech a cardboard box filled with balls of carpet rags. On November 28, 1945 Mrs. Zech found concealed in the center of one ball $2,100 in bills of ten and twenty dollar denominations, which had been neatly rolled and tied and then wrapped inside the rags. She immediately took the money to Mrs. Accola and Mrs. Stetler, told them of her discovery, and turned it over to them. She also advertised in two newspapers published in the county in an effort to find the true owner. No one claimed to be the owner, however.

A dispute then arose between Mrs. Zech, who claimed that the money was treasure trove, and Mrs. Accola and Mrs. Stetler, who claimed the money on behalf of the Ladies Aid Society by gift donation of the original carpet rags. The case was appealed all the way to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, where it was held that the old law of treasure trove was not merged in the statutory law relating to lost property, and that the money "belonged to the finder as against all the world except the true owner."

"No wonder last summer seemed a little hot. I forgot to take off my long handles last spring!"

NEEDING a piano for their daughter's lessons, the Cesarini family of Sandusky, Ohio purchased a used piano at an auction sale in 1955 for approximately $15. In 1964, while cleaning the piano, they discovered $4,467 in old currency secreted inside. The United States District Court in Ohio held that in Ohio, since there was no statute specifically dealing with the rights of owners and finders of treasure trove and in the absence of such a statute, the common-law rule of England applied, so that "title belongs to the finder as against all the world except the true owner."

IN THE latter part of 1962 a Mr. and Mrs. Moraca engaged Edward Hurley to remodel the basement of their home located in the City of Niagara Falls, New York. While attempting to remove a pipe under a sink, Hurley found $4,990 in currency hidden behind a block on the floor of the cabinet enclosing the sink. The Moracas told Hurley that the money was not theirs and they had no idea how it had gotten there. Hurley then suggested and the Morocas agreed that for the purpose of safekeeping, Hurley should place the money in the safe at the Niagara Falls Air Force Base where Hurley was a full-time civilian employe.

Hurley, however, did not take the money to the base, but rather took it home with him and sometime thereafter attempted unsucessfully to spend some of the money in a department store. Apparently the damaged condition of the money aroused a clerk's suspicion and the police were called. The Moracas then instituted an action against Hurley for conversion. Without discussing the issue of treasure trove, the court awarded the money to Hurley as the finder, since no one could be located who could establish a better title. The Moracas, being only the landowners, were not deemed to possess a sufficient basis for a claim.

TWO young brothers by the name of Danielson were hired by a neighbor in Jackson County, Oregon in March 1894, to clean out and remove the loose dirt and debris from an old henhouse. While so engaged, the boys dug up a rusty half-gallon tin can containing a number of musty and partially decayed tobacco sacks filled with gold coins. The elder of the two boys, then ten, described the finding of the money:

"We hauled several loads from the front end of the building. I was in the back end of the building, spading through

(Continued on page 49)

Montana WAS NOT FOR FARMERS

By SHIRLEY R. POWELL
Photos Courtesy Author

It took four years to make that decision—to be sure that the door to the future did not swing on the hinges of a tarpaper shack

Chester Elton's children at play.

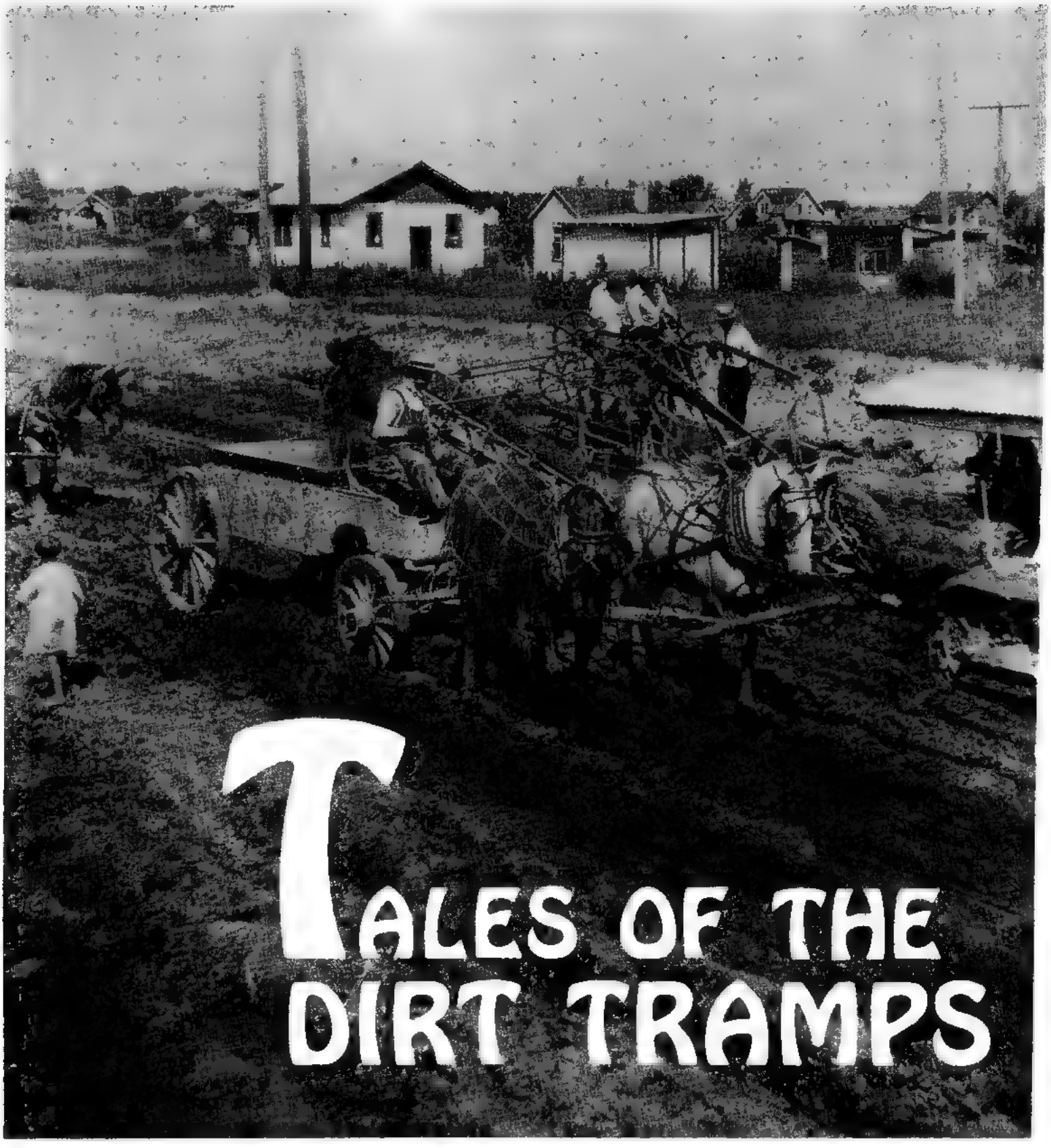
ORPHANED at fourteen, Harley Elton, my grandfather, spent most of his teen-age years with older brothers and sisters. When his favorite brother Chester wound up in Montana and decided to take a bride, Harley went out from Ohio to be best man. From 1904 to 1906 he stayed in eastern Montana, herding sheep and enjoying the life of a young man in a young country.

Then in 1906, he made up his mind to go back to Ohio to see other relatives.

(Continued on page 61)

At left, a Montana sheepherder in 1904.

Below, Harry Elton poses with his family and a freshly killed bobcat.



TALES OF THE DIRT TRAMPS

IN the 1920s, anyone who followed road building was called a dirt tramp. However, the real "folk" of this endeavor came out of the early railroad days. It was the need for experienced labor on these early railroad jobs that spawned the dirt tramps who moved from job to job all over the Southwest.

These men's manners and customs were derived from the early frontier days even though they exhibited no unique customs or culture of their own. Their vocabulary was a language common to the day. To the tramps the "Old Man" was always the boss, "hoosiers" or "natives" were local farmers hired to work on the road gangs, and the "powder man" was, of course, the dynamiter whose job it was to clear the road bed.

Songs also give us an insight into the dirt tramps' vocabulary. Here is an adapted version of "Mule Skinner Blues":

Good morning, Cap'n,
Good morning, Son,
Do you need any skinners,
On your good road line?

I can buckle your wheeler,

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A lot of old-timers didn't realize it, but when the mule and the Fresno pulled up in front, the trail they cut would be permanent. And a whole way of life would change...

By JIM WILSON

All Photos Courtesy Texas Highway Department

Man with dog at a construction job west of Honey Grove, Texas in 1923.

I can shake your plow,
I'd drive your Fresno,
But I don't know how.

Well, a Fresno hand
Ain't got no home,
Today he's here,
Tomorrow he's gone.

The "good road line" mentioned in the first verse was a dirt road which was being improved for automobile travel. The wheeler, plow, and Fresno were mule-drawn, dirt-hauling equipment.

The contractor usually owned his own equipment and the horses and mules needed to pull it. The jobs were paid for by the yard of dirt moved, with the highest price being paid when solid rock was encountered. The counties contracted their work to the lowest bidder. And, then as now, the contractors vied with each other to come up with the lowest bid that would still get the work done.

My father, J. D. Wilson, worked on construction crews in Texas from 1920 to 1926. It is from his memory that I have tried to capture the color of these folk characters.

DIRT TRAMPS were a lonely and moody people, moving freely from place to place and job to job. When a tramp came on a job no one knew just how long he was going to stay; but while he was there he was treated like the true aristocracy of construction work that he was. Some of them even got reputations for *quitting* jobs. Three-day Johnny Rogers, for instance, took great pride in the fact that he never stayed on a job more than three days.

If dirt tramps had a single, unique folk way it was their utter contempt for the natives, or local people, who lived in the communities around which the road gangs worked. Anything loose that belonged to the natives was fair game, though the dirt tramps didn't steal from each other.

Scott Toby, an early-day contractor from Parker County, used to tell of the time he was moving camp in north Texas. As they traveled down the road they passed a field of freshly baled and stacked hay. Toby remarked to one of the tramps, "Here we are, low on feed for these damn mules, and just look at all that hay over there! I sure could use some of that."

That evening after camp was made, the tramp sidled up to "Old Man" Toby.

A highway construction camp in Kenedy County, Texas.

"Cap'n," he drawled, "I'd be obliged for the use of a team and wagon this evening."

"What for?" Toby asked.

"Cap'n," the tramp snapped indignantly, "A man's business is his business. Just say flat, are you gonna let me have the team or not?"

"Go ahead and take it," was Toby's reply as he made ready for bed.

First thing next morning he was greeted with the sight of a wagonload of hay stacked neatly in camp which looked suspiciously like the hay he'd seen the day before.

When questioned about his action, the tramp snapped out, "Cap'n, if you didn't want the hay, you shouldn't have wished for it."

Bill Evans was the most dedicated of all the tramps to rawhiding the hoosiers. Dad knew him well. "He was six feet tall, snaggle-toothed and grey-headed. He was ugly as sin and had all the dignity of an Indian chief." Bill took particular delight in making every hoosier he met think that he, Ole Bill, was the brains of the job and the Old Man's right-hand man. The Old Man had particular contempt for the hoosiers, too, and he didn't go to too much trouble for those doing temporary work for him. He saw to it that they had food to eat and a bed to lie on; that was about all.

Now the Old Man had high blood pressure, high temper, and a fog-horn voice that sounded like Thor tuning up his hammers. And darned if Bill Evans didn't know just how to set him off in whatever mood he was in. Sooner or later a hoosier would come in for bed, believing that Bill ramrodded the whole show.

"Mr. Evans, sir?" he'd ask as he set to making his bed. "Mr. Evans, where's my pillow?"

"Boy, you must be daft," would come the reply. "Old Man ain't gonna leave no good pillows out to rot and ruin. If you want a pillow, go wake him up and tell him I said to let you have one." The Old Man's profane explosion could be heard all over camp, and the hoosier usually quit and went home.

One day one of the natives, who was probably wanting a job, stopped by Bill Evans. "How much does the Old Man pay a good man like you to run this job, Mr. Evans?"

"Oh, the wages are plumb good. That Old Man sure knows how to treat his boys right!"

"Yes, sir, but how much do you make?"

Bill began to contemplate the sky for a while, and then did some chin scratching. Finally he said with a smile, "Oh, the Old Man really treats us good. He surely does. We get a new blue shirt every six months. And once a year we get a new pair of pants, whether we need 'em or not. Hell! Some of 'em ain't even got holes in the seat!" That usually brought an end to the inquiries.

Bill's favorite pastime, however, was giving names to the hoosiers. Bill's description and imagery could be depended upon to point out all of a man's failings and weaknesses. One poor native in Johnson County was grubbing up roots on the right-of-way ahead of the mule teams. As usual he was taking orders from Bill as if there weren't anyone else on the job. Now this poor fellow was a real sight. He had buck teeth and a receding chin. On each side of his mouth several teeth were missing. Bill called him Goober Tooth. Why?

"Lord, the way that hoosier ate goobers was a real caution. He'd pour 'em in one side, spit the hulls out the other, and swallow like hell to keep from choking on the steady flow of peanuts down his throat!"

THREE-DAY Johnny Rogers made a move from Collin County to Waco with my father in 1926. They were moving a whole herd of mules, and they were the only two experienced drivers that Old Man Scott Toby could find. The fun came when he hired a bunch of green farm boys to drive the rest of the teams.

"Now those boys didn't know the first thing about driving a team of mules," Dad said. "And the trouble came at Milford when we got hold of some bad feed. The bad feed and the fact that the boys were allowing the wheel teams to loaf while the lead teams did all the work caused the death of one of the mules."

"We buried the mule in a bar ditch beside the road at midnight and took off. We didn't want to be around when the law found the dead mule."

The next night at camp, the farm boys sat on one side of the fire, Dad and Three-day Johnny on the other side. The boys' side was lively with talk, the other was silent.

Out of the blue Johnny said to Dad, "J. D., what did the Old Man do the last time you killed a mule?"

Dad hadn't killed any mules, but he went along with the scheme.

"Good Lord, I haven't *paid* for that mule yet!"

"Hell you say! It's been three years, hasn't it?"

"Yeah, but I still ain't got him paid for."

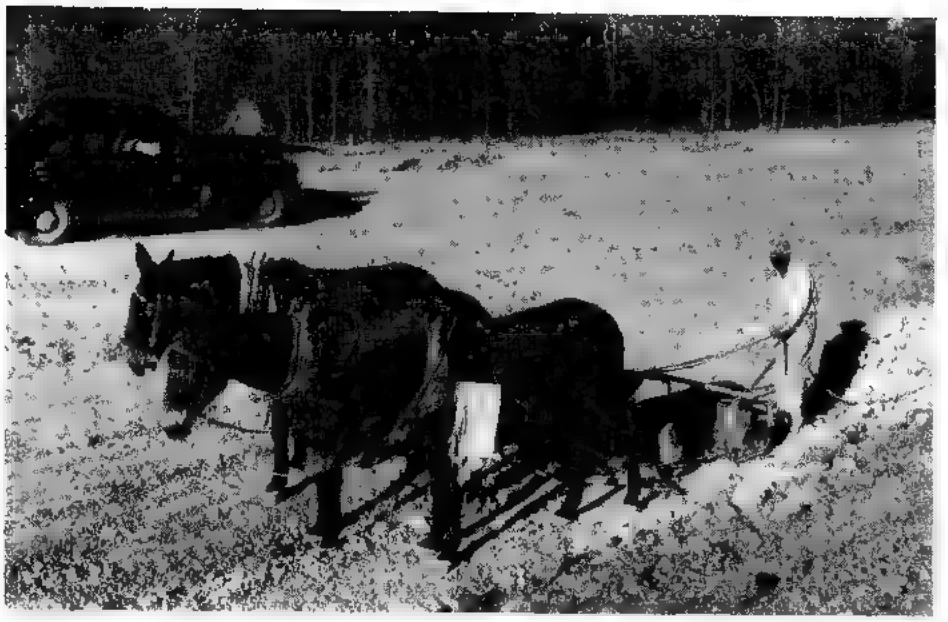
"Well why ain't you done something about it?"

"Now Johnny, you know the Old Man better than that. He's mean!"

Silence hung heavy over the campfire as Johnny and Dad started to bed. From the darkness one of the farm boys spoke up, "Ain't nobody gonna make me pay for no damn mule!" And, sure enough, the first night they camped in Waco, the boys sneaked out of camp leaving five days' pay behind for each of them. And nobody could convince them that Johnny made them pay for those mules!

Tony Brooks was one of the tramps who sniffed cocaine. And it sure made them wild. Dad recalls, "Sometimes they'd get so blamed crazy that they'd ride the top of a passenger train out. And when the train would stop they'd stand up, stretch, and step off!"

Every man was his own hero among the dirt tramps. But times would come up, around the campfires, to brag about someone's doing something better than anybody else. Invariably, the stories hinged around certain individuals.



Mule teams were used as late as the '30s.

One tramp they talked about was High-Pockets Slim who could out-walk anything on two legs or four. It became such a status symbol with him, so the story goes, that he refused to ride. He could out-walk a mule, and did on several occasions. One time, on a bet, Slim walked from Ft. Worth to Ranger, Texas in one day, a distance of fifty miles.

Johnny Ryon was probably the greatest cook of them all. Every time the stories started the rounds about hard-boiled cooks they usually ended up with tales about Johnny Ryon and somebody would usually come forth in song with this little couplet,

If you wanta get your hot cakes,
Go down the line.
If you wanta get your head skinned,
Go to Johnny Ryon.

THE most irascible of the dirt tramps were the camp cooks. They were undoubtedly the meanest, most cantankerous creatures of the breed. The cook tent was just like the hallowed ground around a cowboy's chuckwagon. It was a place where the wisest of the crew kept their own counsel.

Poor Old Cornbread Slim couldn't keep his mouth shut around the cook tent. Nothing the cook did could please him, not even boiling water. Slim griped his way in to his nickname; one day a cook got so fed up with the complaints that he wrapped a pan of cornbread around Slim's neck. From then on he was known in all the camps as Cornbread Slim. But, as Slim used to say, "I didn't show no weakness! No, Sir, I didn't show no weakness!"

The moodiness and loneliness which enveloped the dirt tramp was best expressed in the way they chose to walk off a job. One nameless soul was as docile as could be until he got beat in a hand of poker which he thought he should have won. Then he'd throw his silver out of the tent, tear up his paper money in little pieces, and throw it out, too. Which ever way he found an opening in the tent that's the way he went, and continued as far as anybody could see.

Every dirt tramp had a point of honor that became, for him, a symbol. Hijalo Slim was a powder man who was known for his legendary lack of dependability when it came to staying on a job. But he always left a drill rod leaning in the hole and pointing in the direction he went.

Hijalo had a habit of laying his pipe, after it went out, on a can of black powder. In 1920, in Parker County, his habit caught up with him. A coal of fire fell out of his pipe and blew up the can of powder. It blew up Hijalo, too. But, true to his symbol, he left a drill rod in the hole pointing straight up.

The dirt tramps are gone now, and all but forgotten. As the old tramps died off, there was no one to take their place. During the Depression, the Civilians' Work Administration required that the contractors hire most of their crew from the county in which they worked. Contractors were allowed to bring in their own men only if a skilled job could not be filled locally. For this reason, only a

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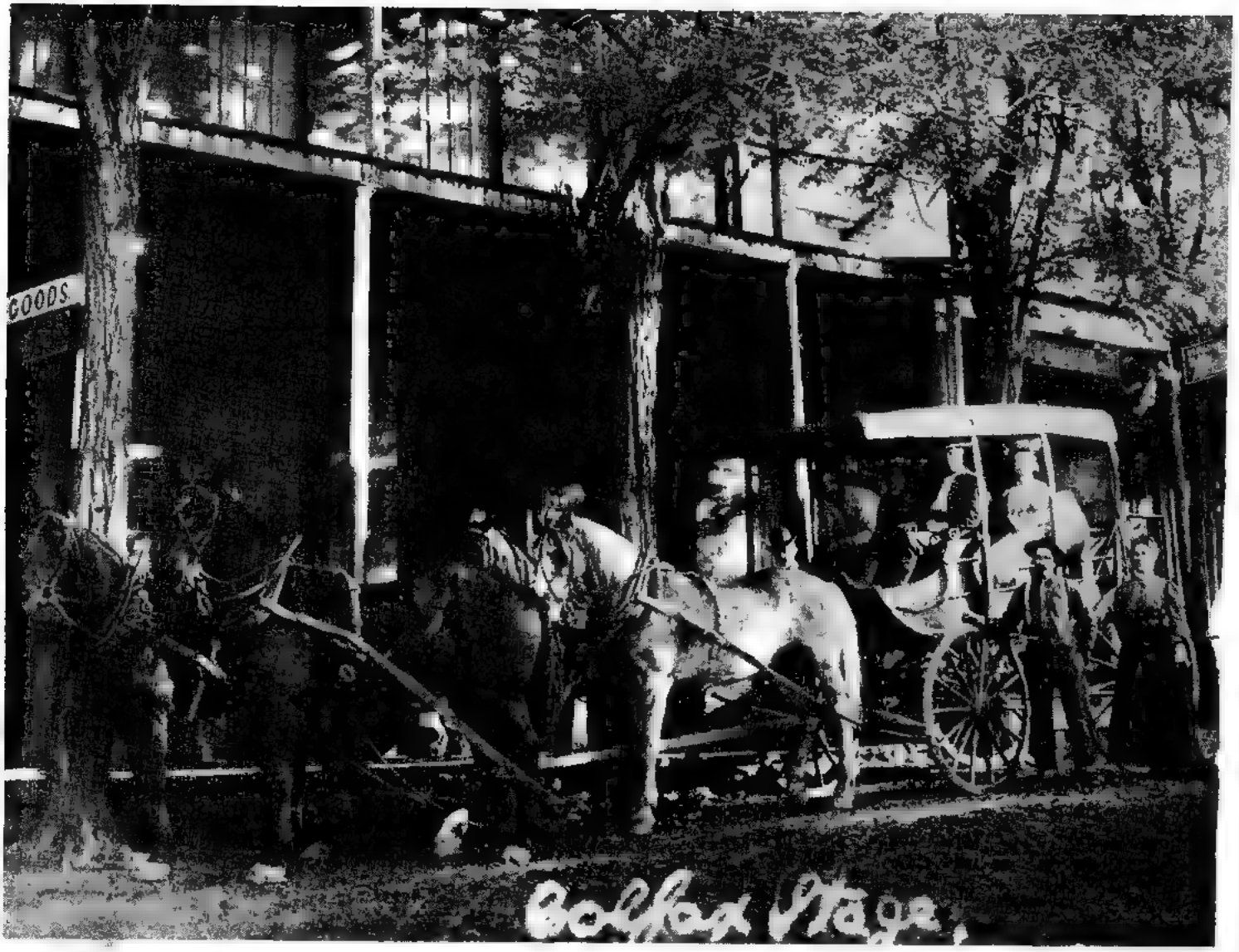
Road construction in the late '30s.



Above, the Colfax stage traveled from Forest Hill (shown here) to Yankee Jims, then through Shirt-tail Canyon to Colfax, California.

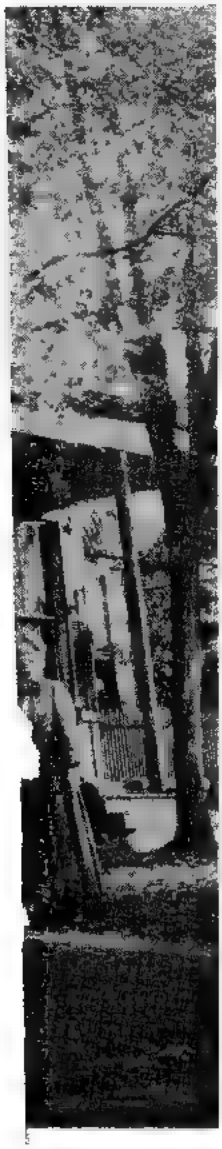
SHIRT-TAIL CANYON

Below, the old Norton house in Yankee Jims.

Photos Courtesy Author and Placer County Historical Society, Auburn, California

EVEN today, in populated California, Shirt-Tail Canyon seems as wild and as mysterious as in 1849 when the argonauts struggled down its thousand-foot canyons to the historical American River. Here from the snowy headwaters, it cuts through the heart of Placer County and winds down the Sierra Nevada to the fertile Sacramento Valley. Paralleling the canyon are the rails of the old Central Pacific, and the Emigrant Trail which skirts Donner Lake. Not far away is the site of Coloma where Marshall discovered gold. And to the southeast is the route of the Pony Express and the 49er trail to Hangtown. Overlooking the canyon are the same rugged mountains and passes, unchanged, that the trappers used before the gold days.

Hidden in the canyons, and on the high bluffs, are the remnants of lonely ghost towns, names which echo the zest and the humor of the pioneer: Secret Ravine, Gold Run, Grizzly Flat, Bogus



Above, an old-timer and his ox team taken at Dutch Flat, a town west of Shirt-tail Canyon. In 1884. Below, the remains of an old stage road still visible among the tall pines.

By KENNETH S. ROE

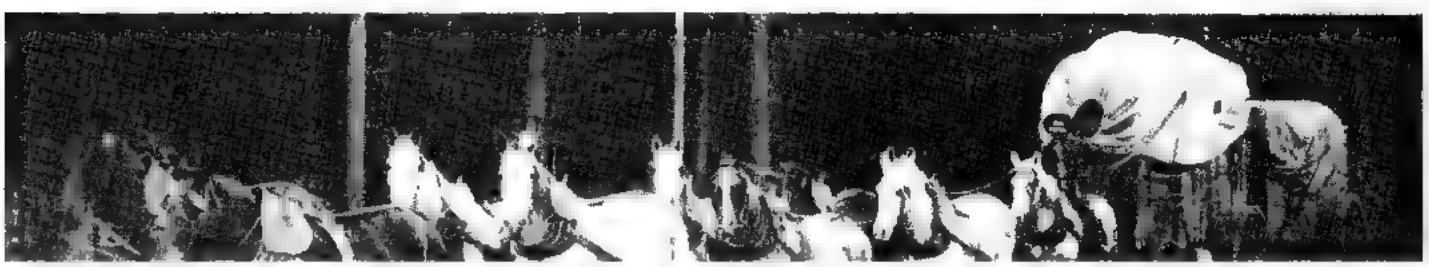
Thunder, Grey Horse, Clipper Gap, Humbug Bar, Ground Hog's Glory, Miller's Defeat, Devil's Basin, Hell's Half Acre, Mosquito, Chicken Hawk, Bath, and Yankee Jim's.

Lacing through the back-country are countless toll-roads and stage routes, used today by jeepsters and trail riders. Here the six-horse Concord stage careened around the curves; here oxen hauled the mighty sugar pines to build the mines. Here the first explorers traveled easily along the tableland, along the ancient route of the deer and the Digger Indian who sought winter refuge in the Shirt-tail country.

It's a great adventure today for the outdoorsman or the ghost-towner to drive the dusty roads which hang 1,500 feet above the river. Around him are plunging cliffs, and lush ravines gurgling with clear water even in late summer. Here,

(Continued on page 46)

A freight wagon on the Forest Hill divide.



INTERPRETER FOR THE APACHES

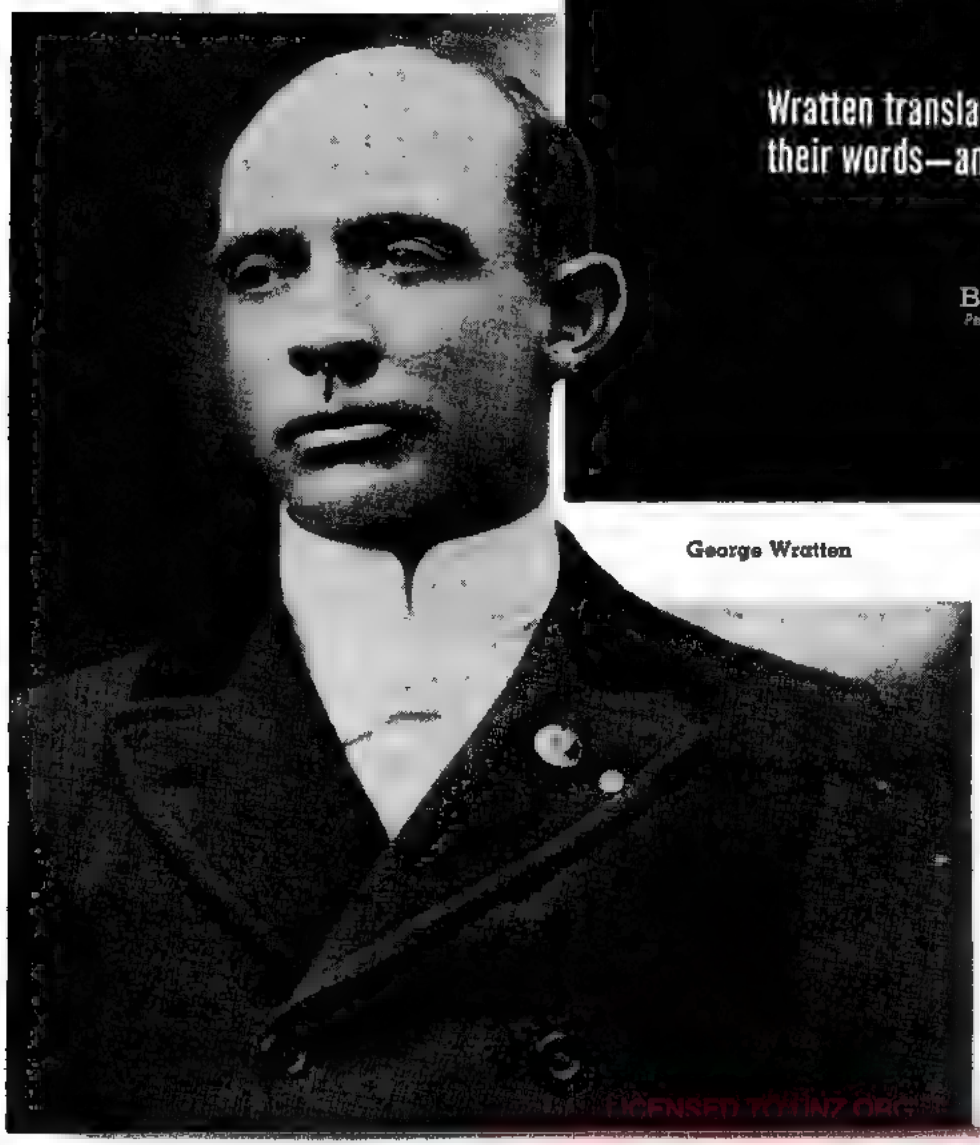
Wratten translated their hearts as well as their words—and even followed them into exile

By EVE BALL
Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS Ace Daklugie, son of the Nednhi chief, Juh, who called my attention to the fact that history gives little mention to George Wratten. "He was," Daklugie said, "the best interpreter we had. He spoke our language better, I think, than has been done by any other White Eye. And we had some good interpreters, so far as knowing the language was concerned. Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts, could talk Indian; and he was believed to be honest in his interpretation. We distrusted Archie McIntosh and Merejildo Grijalda; Sam Bowman, too. And we knew that Mickey Free was both a liar and a cheat, and hated him accordingly. And there is no hatred to compare with that of an Apache."

It *is* strange that George Wratten has been neglected by historians. He was one of the very few white people of whom it can be said that he was loved and respected by the Apaches. To this day there are few of our race whom they really like and to whom they give their confidence, for the ancient enmity smoulders in the vanquished. Even Dan Thrapp who has written the definitive history of the tribe mentions George Wratten only once in *The Conquest of Apacheria.*

Inquiries made of the very old members of the Chiricahua and Nednhi, Warm Springs, and Bedonkohe Apaches brought many stories of their famous interpreter. His son, Albert Wratten of El Paso, also contributed to the account. It is as follows:



George Wratten

George Medhurst Wratten, Jr. was born at Sonoma, California, January 31, 1865. Both of his parents were of British descent, and his father was born in England.

Because of ill-health George Wratten, Sr. moved his family to Florence, Arizona Territory. The father was employed at the San Carlos Agency, and his son grew up among the Apaches. By the time George, Jr. was fourteen he spoke their language fluently. It is, the Apaches concede, a difficult tongue, and no other white man has surpassed George Wratten in his mastery of it.

True West

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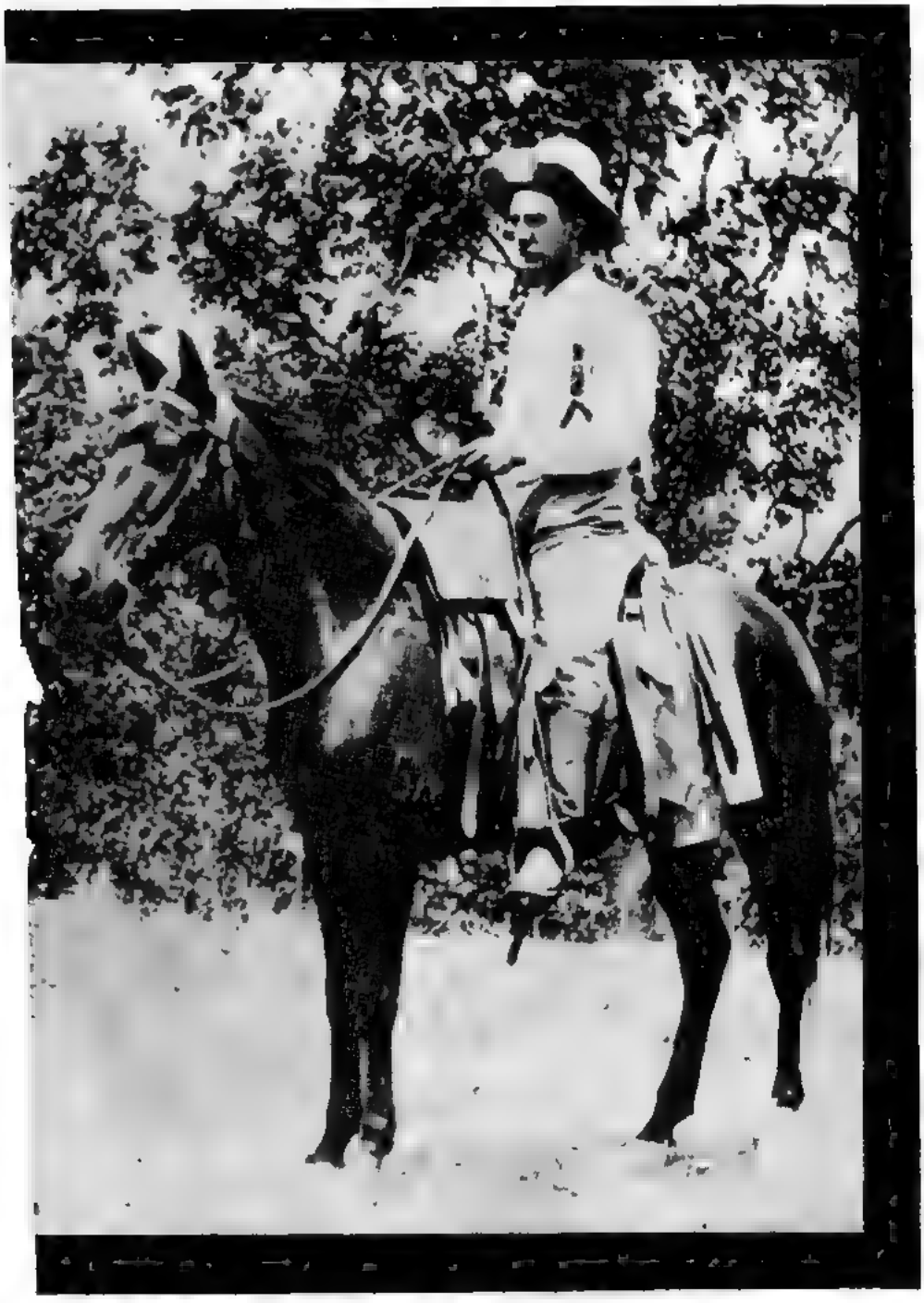


Wratten was trusted by the Apaches more than any other white man.

But the boy had achieved another very difficult undertaking—he had won the respect and friendship of the Indians. Rogers Toclanni, famous scout, called the boy "Brother," and that meant an acceptance not accorded to many white people.

Young Wratten also acquired a sufficient knowledge of Spanish to communicate with the Mexicans. This, too, was of advantage later when the military forces were in need of a trilingual spokesman. Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood knew the young man and when he needed an interpreter to accompany him and his scouts into Mexico in an attempt to communicate with Geronimo, he selected George Wratten. Gatewood also took two scouts from Fort Apache, men who volunteered for the hazardous task of approaching Geronimo in an effort to induce him to meet with the young officer to discuss the surrender of himself and his band. Both Martine and Kayitah were related by marriage to one or more of the fifteen warriors left with the famous Apache leader and they depended upon the sanctity of the blood-tie to protect them.

Gatewood, himself, had some knowledge of the Apache tongue, but was in need of an interpreter who was both skillful and honest. Wratten was both; moreover, he was willing to accompany the two scouts into Geronimo's camp. Martine, who had been Juh's orderly, knew Geronimo well, and advised that the young interpreter not go with them but wait to act when and if Geronimo could be induced to meet with Gatewood.

Martine and Kayitah relied much upon the fact that they held captive some of the wives and children of Geronimo's little band. It was one of the factors which had influenced the wily Apache leader to meet with the military.

JASPER KANSEAH, youngest of Geronimo's band and the last to die, has given an account of that famous meeting at the top of the zigzag trail where Geronimo, flanked by his warriors, awaited the coming of the two men ascending the long and tortuous path. Kanseah, on guard, had recognized them first by their walk, and later by their features. Some of the band had wished to shoot the men before they had a chance to tell the object of their coming. Yanosha, a brother-in-law of Martine, had protested doing that, and Geronimo had conceded that the men should be permitted to deliver their message. Kanseah, himself, and sons of the scouts have given accounts of the meeting, with minor deviations.

When the band was taken to Fort Bowie, Wratten went with them, not knowing or caring whether or not his salary would be paid. News came of the decision to send the Apache to Florida, and upon Wratten's refusal to leave his friends, to his surprise he was permitted to entrain with them at Bowie. Never, he said, had this tribe needed a friend and an honest interpreter as they did at that trying time, and he would not desert them.

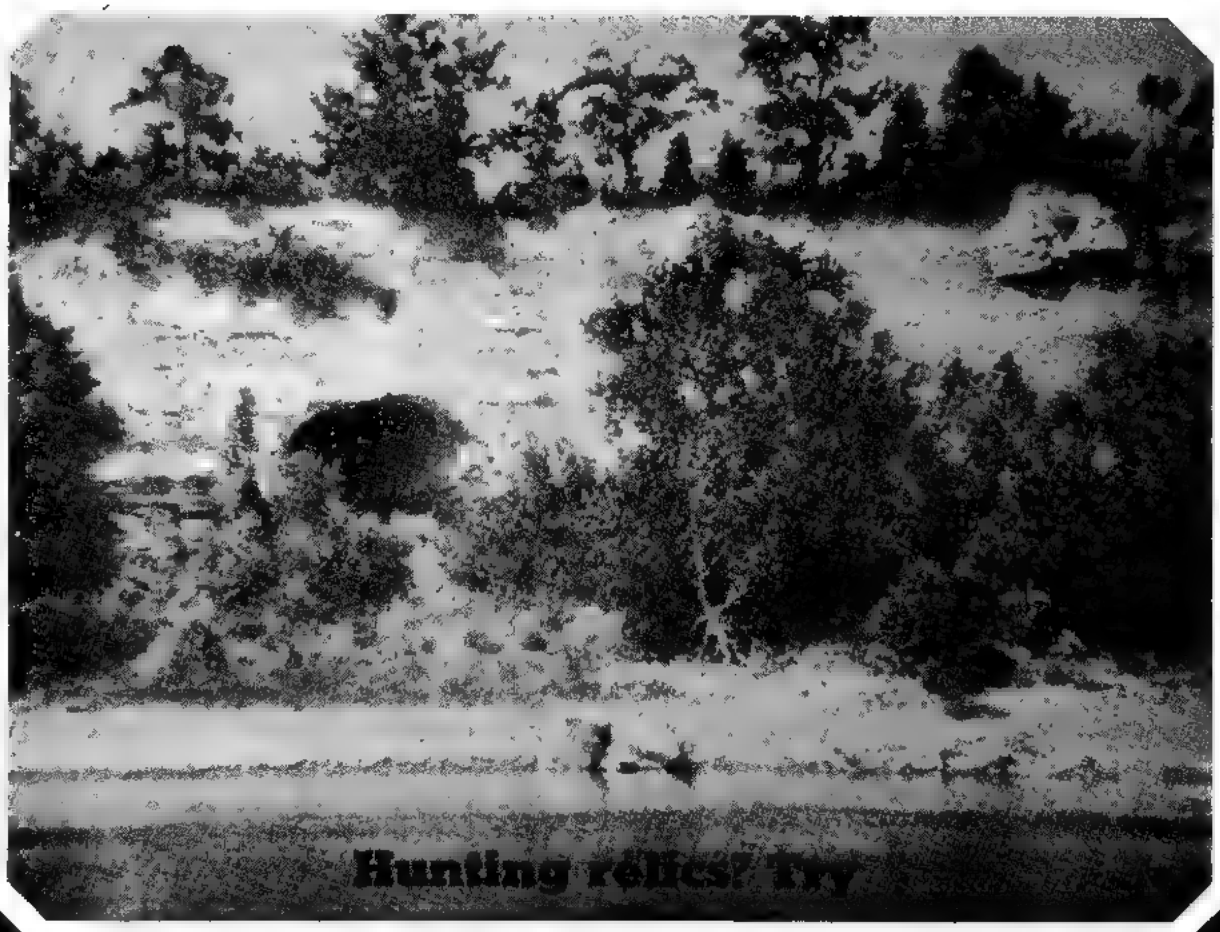
George Wratten was on the train when the famous photograph showing them seated on the railway embankment was taken. With Martine, Kayitah, and the Apache children, he remained in the coach while Geronimo and his band were photographed. That train was stopped at San Antonio while the President, Secretary of War, and General Miles bickered over the decision which had been made to send the Apaches to Florida. "Each," said Ace Daklugie, "passed the buck and lied as to his having been responsible for the action." Nobody would admit his having made the decision, as telegrams exchanged at the time prove.

The Apaches were placed in an encampment at the fort at San Antonio, where they lived in tents from September 19—October 22 (1886). Geronimo and his band had been disarmed, but three of the warriors had managed to conceal and keep knives. Other than these blades they had no weapons. The Indians so distrusted their enemies that they expected momentarily to be murdered. George Wratten, whose tent was pitched near theirs, shared their apprehension. He went to Geronimo.

"They won't kill me," was that leader's verdict. "When Daklugie was born my sister almost died. To prevent her losing her life I went up onto the high mountain near Fort Bowie and made medicine for her. Four days and nights I prayed. And Ussen (God) answered. He

(Continued on page 36)

The entrance to Cave-Inn-Rock and the bluffs overlooking the Ohio River, from a photograph made in 1917.



CAVE-INN-ROCK ON THE OHIO

By EUGENE R. ANDERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

SHORTLY after the American Revolution, renegades from eastern communities, corrupt stragglers from the army, and others of questionable intentions sought refuge in the Ohio Valley. Samuel Meason, who had been an officer in the Continental army, was among them.

Very little is known of Meason's background, but early in 1797 and for some time thereafter, he occupied what became known as Cave-Inn-Rock, and eventually gained notoriety for his depredations of the flatboats floating down the Ohio River with loads destined for trade or sale along the river or for the growing port of New Orleans. Cargo lost to Samuel Meason ran well into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Only a small portion was ever accounted for.

His method of operation was quite simple, and his location at Cave-Inn-Rock was ideal. The cave was a natural shelter on the banks of the Ohio some twenty miles below the mouth of the Wabash. Every passing boat came within full view of the cave, whose bold beauty made it an apparent haven for river traffic.

History does not clearly delineate between the time Meason used the huge cave as an Inn where drink and rest could be had, and the time when he turned the cave into a center for the sole purpose of inland piracy. It served as a perfect decoy for the unwary, and most of the loot from the hundreds of flatboats ransacked by Meason and others still lies buried in the vicinity of the Cave itself.

Items taken by Meason and his gang consisted of hard money, most of which was squandered, and valuable artifacts

by today's standards worth a small fortune on the open antiques market. The fact that the acts of piracy were committed at the cave, or just downriver at Hurricane Island, is sufficient to justify a full disclosure of the methods of operations used by Meason and his consorts, information which will be of great value to anyone interested in recovering some of these long-lost articles.

TRAVEL was not easy in the late 1700s. With the ever increasing number of settlements along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the need for a dependable, yet inexpensive, means of transportation became acute. The flatboat answered this need. Such a craft was relatively easy to build and could carry large loads of cargo, its speed dependent upon the flow of the river. Since communication back to the point of origin of the flatboats often took months, word of losses was slow in being reported. All too often the flatboats were never heard of again once they left their home port. Their disappearance was generally attributed to flooding, running aground with all hands lost or, if there had been survivors it was assumed they were overtaken by hostile Indians before reaching friendly settlements. There is little doubt that many losses occurred for just these reasons, but the ones of primary interest here are the ones engineered by Samuel Meason and others at the Cave. Various river pirates followed in the footsteps of Meason, and their mode of operation was quite the same.

From the best historical documentation available, there is evidence of Meason's using the Cave as a base of operations on more than one occasion. It was a common practice for outlaws to frequently change their names and their

The interior of Cave-Inn-Rock sketched by J. Bernhard Alberts in 1916. The ladder leading to the entrance of the small upper cave is in center.

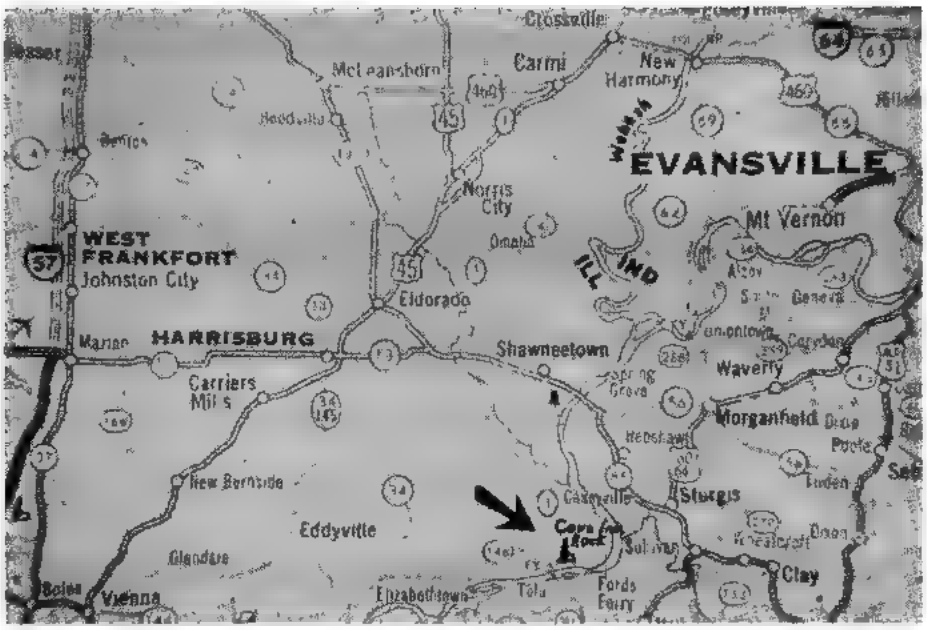
headquarters. The name "Wilson" appears to be the alias most frequently used by Meason. Taking advantage of man's natural weakness, he erected a rude sign on the riverbank near the mouth of the Cave. It was plainly visible to every passerby—"Liquor Vault and House for Entertainment." Many captains and their crews were lured to oblivion in this now famous Cave. The record shows but one victim, Dr. Charles H. Webb, who escaped the ruthless river pirates to tell of his experience and to relate the details of his escape. Samuel Meason and his flatboat robbers and flatboat wreckers left no first-hand accounts of the actual methods they employed in their piracy.

Additional information is available which gives a better insight into the various methods used by Meason and others in their evaluation of a flatboat for possible robbery. The key to this is found in *The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator* written by Zadok Cramer and published in 1801. It was the only practical guide for flatboat captains. A number of dangerous channels existed in the Ohio and were so designated in *The Navigator*. Near the head of most of these dangerous channels lived reliable settlers who made it a business to pilot boats through for pay, and these locations were noted.

One such channel ran from the head of Walker's Bar (a bar beginning about two miles below Cave-Inn-Rock) down to Tower Rock, and from there extended to the foot of Hurricane Island, a total distance of about eight miles. After giving considerable detail as to the method of navigation necessary to avoid some of the perils of this bar, *The Navigator* added the suggestion: "Just below the Cave, on the right bank, there is a person who is sometimes employed to pilot boats through this serpentine channel, and it is better for a stranger to pay a dollar or two for this purpose than run the risk of grounding on either of these bars in low water. When the water is high there is no occasion for a director."

This sketch of Gallows Field, Jefferson County, Mississippi was made by Alberts in 1917. It depicts the location where two Cave-Inn-Rock outlaws were hanged in 1804.

MEASON, and other outlaws to follow, turned this to their advantage. About ten miles above the cave, near



Map of southeastern Illinois showing the location of Cave-Inn-Rock.

Battery Rock—or on what is now known as the "Old Jonathan Brown Place"—the robbers stationed a man who offered to guide either single boats or small fleets through the "serpentine channel." His explanation for being there was that the usual pilot downriver was away at the time and he was helping out. In the event the first river pirate failed, another was waiting downstream at Ford's Ferry where his services were offered. The "pilot" who succeeded in being employed grounded the boat in front of the cave if, by the time he reached there, he judged the cargo worth the risk. Its crew was duly overpowered and ruthlessly murdered. On other occasions the boat would be guided downstream to the head of Hurricane Island where it was either wrecked or taken safely through the channel, depending solely on whether or not the pirate judged such a robbery profitable and reasonably free of risk.

When the water was low, boatmen who had declined to take on a pilot would likely inquire for one just below the cave. These boats were always shown safe passage whether the pilot was a member of the Cave gang or a reputable river man. This was the one point where reliable assistance could be obtained, for there was little chance to evaluate and rob a boat under these circumstances.

An article, reprinted in the Crittenden Press of Marion, Kentucky in 1893, without credit to the author, described the method used by one of the Cave's outlaws: "About the year 1809, one Jim Wilson [not the alias used by Samuel Meason], a flatboatman, while passing down the Ohio, was overtaken by a terrific storm. He steered his boat under the shelter of a cliff. On landing he observed the opening of the Cave. He was attracted by the commodious rooms with dry ceilings and sanded floors, and resolved that on his return to Pittsburgh he would bring his family hither.

"In the following spring Wilson's boat again landed at the foot of the cliff. This time he was not alone, but with him came his wife, five children, two slaves, and William Hall, the great counterfeiter. His boat was loaded with provisions, stores, liquors, and arms, which were stolen from the government warehouse at Fort Pitt on the night of his departure. The great Cave was soon transformed into a dwelling and tavern large enough to accommodate several travelers.

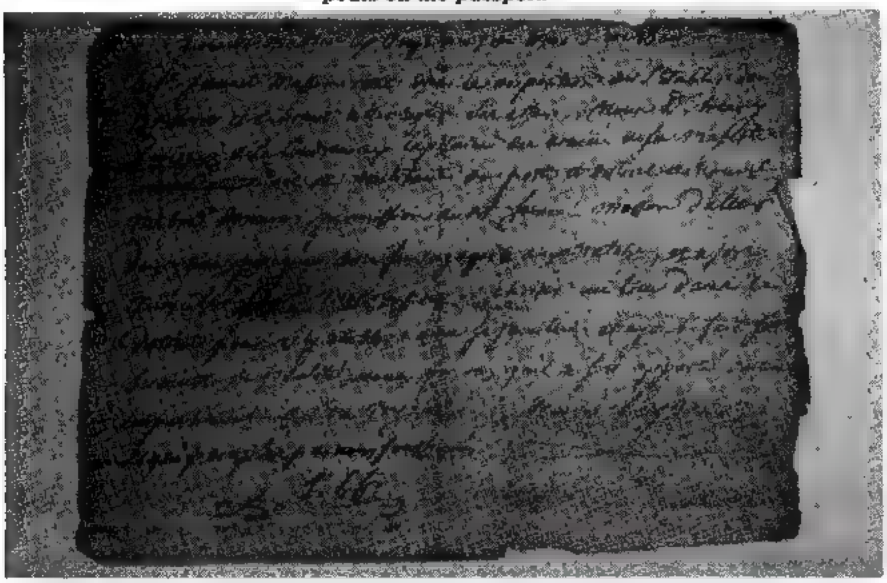
"Wilson's object for landing and establishing himself in so remote and romantic a headquarters will soon be seen hereafter. A sign was planted at the water's edge bearing these words: 'Wilson's Liquor Vault and House for Entertainment.' [Note: Since this sign bears the same inscription as that of Samuel Meason, there is some question as to whether all the facts were accurately portrayed at this later date, or whether there is a mixing of information pertaining to the Cave's history.] This novel sign had a magnetic effect upon the boatmen who were almost daily passing en route to southern markets, with flatboats loaded with produce. The boat crews were generally jovial fellows, fond of rum, rest and merriment, and hardly a boat passed without stopping. Many were the guests at Wilson's Tavern; thieves and gamblers stopped off here and in a few months the place became infamous for its licentiousness and blasphemy.

"Wilson had been for years a deep-eyed criminal and only came here that he might vary his crimes and have a wider field for operation. Out of his guests he soon formed a band of the most noted robbers, murderers, and counterfeiters that, for two years, had no parallel in modern history. Their headquarters were at the Cave, but they had many stations along the Ohio above and below, which were maintained for the purpose of preventing suspicion being cast upon the genial landlord at the Cave. The principal station was at Hurricane Island, where forty-five men were stationed all the time.

"Each boat that landed at the Cave was captured and such of the crew as would not join Wilson's gang were allowed to drift on to Hurricane Island where they were again captured and the remainder of the crew foully murdered and their bodies cast into the Ohio. With new pilots and crews, the boats and cargoes were taken to New Orleans, and converted into cash which was conveyed to the Cave through the wilderness of Kentucky and Tennessee.

"Many boats loaded with valuable cargoes left port on the upper Ohio and its tributaries, under the guidance of experienced and trustworthy officers. The officers and crew never returned. No returns for sales were ever received. It soon became a mystery that so many honorable men never came back to pay over the proceeds, and tell of the perils of their voyage. It was many months

Facsimile of the passport issued to Samuel Meason on March 28, 1800. There is some question as to the spelling of Meason's last name. The apparent correct spelling taken from military records and other early sources was Meason, and not Masson, as it appears on the passport.



before any serious suspicions were created. After that it was found that the cargoes were disposed of by entirely different crews from those entrusted to them. There was but limited postal or other communication in those days—letters of special importance were carried by messengers who often fell into the hands of Wilson's men. Thereby they kept posted and, by changing the communication to suit their purposes, and forwarding them by different carriers, often thwarted the attempt of justice, and kept their whereabouts enveloped in mystery for many months. 'But it is a long lane that hath no turn.' It was finally ascertained that no tidings could be had of any boat after it passed a certain point on the Ohio near Wilson's Tavern.

"A meeting of the Pittsburgh shippers was called and it was determined to ferret out the mystery. This would be a shrewd piece of detective work which would be attended by many dangers. A large reward was offered for information as to the exact location of the robber band."

THE Crittenden Press went on in great detail about the ultimate capture of Wilson's river pirates and the destruction of their Cave headquarters. It was John Weller, a determined and ambitious man from Maysville, Kentucky who resolved to secure the reward or die in the attempt. Weller was successful in his attempt to locate and destroy the gang. It was done by floating downriver with a cargo donated by the shippers of Pittsburgh. Upon approaching the cave, as chronicled in publications of that day, they appeared to be attracted by the novel sign and also the presence on the bank of several females who made gestures for them to land. With a few sweeps of the steering oar the flatboat was brought to the foot of the cliff.

What followed was typical of other boats which had been lured to the cave. Weller and his men agreed to join the gang and enter into their devious activities. At the first opportune time, however, the crew of five trusted men and Weller escaped the distrustful eye of the Wilson gang and made their way back upriver where reinforcements were waiting. They swiftly swept back on the Cave and destroyed the operation there, as well as the one at Hurricane Island.

The records go on to tell of the death of Jim Wilson and how his head was severed and delivered to the authorities at Pittsburgh where the captors received the merited reward.

This story, as published in the Crittenden Press as well as other publications of the day, fits the tradition established by the riverboat pirates before steamboats began to ply the mighty Ohio and Mississippi.

The fate which befell Jim Wilson had already been the fate of Samuel Meason who in the winter of 1803-04, was killed by members of his own gang, beheaded, and the head delivered to Governor Claiborne at Natchez in the hopes of collecting a reward. Their plan was thwarted when they were recognized as being members of the gang and were arrested.

Accounts of occupancy of the Cave before and after Meason and Wilson are numerous and documented. From this wealth of information one can see that the entire area upstream and downstream from the Cave, as well as the Cave itself, is loaded with valuable relics—relics from the beginning of the opening of the western frontier to the time of the last occupancy of Cave-Inn-Rock.

These relics will be buried anywhere from a few inches below the surface to several feet. A good metal detector is a must for their ultimate recovery. The bottles, guns, coins and memorabilia from out of the past will have a history as interesting as the Cave itself.

For the dedicated relic hunter interested in further research before visiting Cave-Inn-Rock, there are other names by which it was known, all of which can be traced in various libraries and archives. The names are as follows: Big Cave, The Cave-in-Rock, Caverne dans le Roc, Counterfeiters Cave, Great Cave, House of Nature, Murrell's Cave, Rocking Cave, Rock-Inn-Cave and Wilson's Cave.

Who would deny the joy of finding some evidence of the counterfeiter's operation which took place at the Cave—a metal coin-die, an old whiskey or rum bottle, an ancient gun or powder flask, or perhaps the remains of one of the flatboats and its contents luckily exposed by the everchanging whims of the majestic Ohio River. And as an added incentive, who could deny the thrill associated with a walk through the Cave-Inn-Rock wherein so much riverboat piracy took place nearly two hundred years ago?

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

er), born March 10, 1867 and Joel H., born March 26, 1870.

Joel H. maried Millie Rachel (Lovett?) in Maury County. They were the parents of eight children: Elgin, 1893; Annie Lou, 1895; Iona, 1896; Roy, 1898; Minnie, 1899; Thelma, 1904; Cleo, 1908 and a baby born in 1900 that died in infancy.

Any information on the Collins, Johnson or Lovett families would be appreciated. I will exchange information.—Mrs. Milton Gilreath, Box 394, Midlothian, Texas 76065

Stevenson-Russell-Loveall

My grandfather is listed in the family Bible as Benjamin Armour Stevenson, born 1853 at Atuma, Iowa. As we are unable to locate an Atuma, it may have been Ottumwa. His parents were Albert and Minerva Stevenson, and we know he had several brothers, some living in Kansas. We'd like to hear from anyone who knew them.

My great-grandfather, Joe Russell, and great-grandmother are buried on their homestead land near Mannford, Oklahoma. She came from Missouri near Joplin and her maiden name was Delilah Loveall. I'd like to hear from anyone knowing these families.—Mrs. Russell Gwartney, 462 S. 80 E Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74112

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Stills

Need information regarding Stills family, originally from Tennessee but migrated West before the Civil War. Any and all information appreciated.—Mrs. Johnnye Stills Williams, Box 342, Shamrock, Texas 79079

Neill-Childress-Wood-Danielly

In the first days of the settling of Texas, some Neill families were among the first to settle the new land, coming from Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi and earlier from Virginia and Maryland where they had first settled. Several fought for Texas independence and their names are listed in Texas history rolls. Their fathers' names are well known in the pages of the American

(Continued on page 65)

WHITE COLLAR versus BLACK BALL

"Quick wit can outdo money in a fair fight!"

IN Seattle harbor that twilight of October 5, 1917, when the White Collar Line Steamer *Tolo* left her pier at 5:22 p.m. for her regular run to Bainbridge Island points, the air was as eerie and the silence as ominous as a tragedy-laden night on the moors of Scotland. Thick, gloomy fog conspired with coming night to bid the little steamer adieu on her last voyage, and then it swallowed her up.

Five years before, when the *Tolo* had been wearing the name-board *Camano*, a larger Puget Sound steel-hulled vessel, the *Sioux*, had rammed her at her pier in Everett and sunk her, but without loss of life. Rebuilt and purchased by Kitsap County Transportation Company (White Collar Line), she had been placed on one of the Bainbridge Island runs.

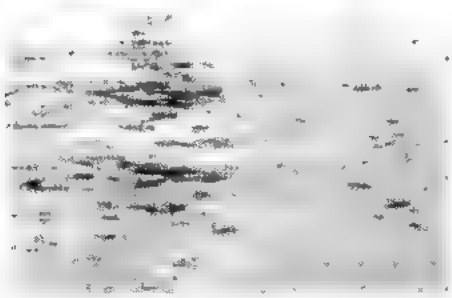
The spot off the southeast tip of the island where she was rammed some thirty minutes after she left Seattle by the Pioneer Sand and Gravel Company tug, *Magic*, was only a few miles from the place where the Steamer *Dix* had been rolled over by the schooner *Jeanie* in 1906. That tragedy had left numerous widows and grieved ones in Port Blakely, which at the time was the location of the largest sawmill in the world.

When the *Magic* struck her fatal blow, *Tolo's* steam whistle immediately signalled distress into the fog-shrouded darkness. The fast, luxurious *H. B. Kennedy*, outbound to Bremerton, steamed toward these pitiful and oft-repeated entreaties in time to pick from a lifeboat and floating life jackets forty-nine of the passenger list of fifty-three and all of the crew of eight. The *Tolo* had gone down in eight minutes. Only four lives

From left to right, White Collar steamers, *Hyak*, *Reliance*, *Burton*, and *Kitsap* at Colman Dock. The largest vessel at far right is the Black Ball steamer, *Indianapolis*, that struck and sank the *Kitsap* on the evening of October 14, 1910.

By VICTOR H. WHITE
Photos Courtesy Author

The trim and speedy *Kitsap*.



The steamer *Dix* was sunk by the freighter, *Jeanie*, the night of November 18, 1906 at 7:24 P.M., two miles north of Alki Point. The *Dix* was on her regular commute route from Seattle to Port Blakely.

were lost.

These facts are available in old Seattle newspapers; but what is not told is what happened in the pilot house of the *Magic* on that dark night over fifty years ago. There may be controversy in regard to it. There may be other reasons given why the *Tolo* sank more slowly than the *Dix*, why the loss of life was so much less.

I have spent many hours tracing down the facts relating to the steamboat career of one man, W. L. Gazzam, who organized the Kitsap County Transportation Company in 1903 and whose inspiring efforts to improve steamboat service on Puget Sound have never been fully appreciated.

GAZZAM'S company owned the *Tolo*. He, himself, fully aware of the ever-present danger of navigating in the fog, and hearing the *Magic's* whistle probing the white blanket someplace off in the night, had come onto the *Tolo's* forward deck. He was standing there, holding the hand of his nine-year-old son, when the *Magic* loomed suddenly forward from the gloom and buried her prow in the *Tolo's* forward starboard hull.

Without an instant's hesitation (there was but a second to make a decision) Gazzam lifted the boy over the *Tolo's* rail onto the deck of the *Magic*. He followed immediately, only to notice that the captain of the *Magic* had reversed the tugboat's engines and had left the pilot house. The tug was moving back, the *Tolo* rolling and listing toward her, the waters of the sound gushing into the hole in her hull.

Gazzam did not pause to question why the *Magic's* skipper had left his post. He leaped through the pilot house doorway, lifted the proper lever and signaled the engine room for half speed. The *Magic* came forward immediately and her bow re-filled the rupture it had made, greatly slowing the inrush of water. Because of Gazzam's timely signal to her engine room, she kept pressure against the sinking *Tolo* all of the eight precious minutes that enabled a lifeboat to be lowered, life preservers to be obtained and passengers to reach the boat or leap overboard. Gazzam's quick, unprecedented, perhaps illegal, act saved many lives.

I had known W. L. Gazzam as long

W. L. Gazzam

as I could remember and I went to visit *him* on August 21, 1955 at the Enatai Inn, which he owned in Bremerton. He was over ninety. When I asked about the *Tolo* incident, he told me what I have here recorded and added, "Nothing was to be gained by talking about it at the time. It might have meant criticism for the *Magic's* skipper and I always thought what he did was quite logical. He didn't realize how badly the *Tolo* was hit and didn't know, by what he could see in the fog, that she was sinking. He gave the order to reverse engine instinctively, then stepped down to the deck for a better view. But I had seen the exact situation and did what had to be done."

When the *Tolo* was sunk, Gazzam's interest in steamboating was already nearing a close. My mother had met him in 1903 when I was a baby and I recall, as a child, visiting at his lovely home at Crystal Springs on the west side of Bainbridge Island, which he later told me was built when carpenters received forty cents an hour.

But what I best remember is the good old-fashioned boat fight between the White Collar Line and the Puget Sound Navigation Company's Black Ball Line.

When I asked Mr. Gazzam, "Would you really say that you beat Black Ball in that boat fight?" he replied, "No, I wouldn't say we beat them; we just skinned the pants off them."

W. L. GAZZAM moved to Crystal Springs and organized Kitsap County Transportation Company in 1903. His company bought the steamer *Sentinel* from Henry, Ole, and Hattie Hanson. Henry Hanson and Hattie's husband, Alfred Hostmark, were licensed steamboat captains. Ole Hanson was a steamboat engineer. Gazzam gave each of the Hansons one-ninth of the stock in the new company in payment for the Hanson Transportation Company and the *Sentinel*. He purchased the *Reliance* from a Poulsbo man named Chris Moe. M. W. Peterson, then cashier of Seattle's largest bank, the Dexter Horton, also obtained $5,000 in stock. Thus Gazzam retained two-thirds ownership except for Peterson's $5,000 interest.

Norval Latimer was president of Dexter Horton Bank, and L. C. Gilman, a personal friend of Mr. Gazzam, was a director of the Great Northern Railway. Gazzam was also a friend of Governor Rolph of California who had considerable shipping interests, including the *Morning Star*, which carried freight up and down the Pacific Coast and through the San Juan Islands. Gazzam also had powerful friends in Washington, D. C. where he had served in an advisory capacity without salary. All these things had a bearing on the no-holds barred steamboat rate war which followed.

In 1906 a sleek new steamer named the *Kitsap* steamed into Seattle harbor, fresh from her construction berth in Portland, Oregon. She was 164 feet long, licensed to carry 350 passengers, and shortly proved herself the fastest steamer with a propeller on Puget Sound up to that time. She had been built with a sizable loan granted Gazzam's company by the Dexter Horton Bank. Besides her financial burden, she possessed one other tiny flaw. The main shaft and propeller had been mounted a few inches high. She backed slightly to port and this cost valuable time in any situation where she had to maneuver backwards. It was entirely too tiny a handicap, however, to prevent the *Kitsap* from making steamboat history on Puget Sound.

Still Gazzam was determined to produce a perfect craft for what was to become Seattle's famous Mosquito Steamboat Fleet. He immediately ordered a sister ship to the *Kitsap* built from the identical plans, the only difference being that her main shaft and propeller were dropped a few inches. The *Hyak* could back up straight. She became one of the most dependable and long-lived of Puget Sound steamers, serving the Seattle-Poulsbo route far into the automobile ferry era. She is honored today by the fact that one of the newest, most modern auto ferries in the world carries the same name on the Seattle-Bremerton run, operated by the Washington State Ferry System.

THE White Collar Line had now become a bit more than just an irritating speck on the nose of the mighty Puget Sound Navigation Company. They had brought from the Great Lakes much larger steel vessels—the *Indianapolis*, the *Iroquois*, the *Chippewa*—and they had pretty much control of the big Seattle routes to Tacoma, Bellingham and Port Townsend-Port Angeles. They had the cash, the boats, the management and bank credit. Gazzam had determination, mental agility, friends, debt, and the audacity to come onto Puget Sound with something prettier and faster, even though a great deal smaller and less powerful. Perhaps a rate war was inevitable.

Gossip suggested that Gazzam started the fight by placing the *Hyak* on the run from Seattle to Irondale and Port Townsend in competition with Black Ball. Gazzam categorically denied this. The evidence, in fact, proves it to have been unlikely. In any event, I chose from this point to ask Mr. Gazzam one question and then let him tell of the fight in his own words as I took them down in my interview with him. At least his side of the matter, which includes financial and secret settlements which were never brought out before, deserves to be told.

I asked, "When did you first know there was to be a boat fight?"

Mr. Gazzam answered, "At the time I had an office in the New York Block

(Continued on page 54)

The S.S. *Iroquois* and the *Princess Charlotte*, Victoria, B.C.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

DOBIE, LOMAX ET AL

Living Texas, A Gathering of Experiences (Hendrick-Long Publishing Company and The Encino Press, $5.95) compiled and edited by A. C. Greene is a unique history study course for young and old. Attractive drawings illustrate 26 chapters written by different authors about a number of interesting features of Texas life. Some of the starring items are: "The Butterfield Trail" by Waterman Ormsby, "John and Bill Pickett" by Mateman Weaver, "The Dying Cowboy and Zebra Dun" by John A. Lomax, "For a Place to Sleep" by Conrad Hilton, "Rare Plants, Animals and Insects" by William O. Douglas, "New Texas Frontier" (Astronauts) by Arthur C. Randolph, and "Do Rattlesnakes Swallow Their Young" by J. Frank Dobie. There's a variety of topics of interest for those with different reading tastes including prehistoric life, recent history and modern scientific events. Very good.

GOOD JUVENILE

Green-Up, the story of a crippled buffalo heifer, comes at a time when easy-to-read juveniles are in short supply. Written by Marty Kelly and published by the American Heritage Press, *Green-Up* sells for $3.95. The story of the fictional Nokee describes buffalo life where weather, grass and predators shaped the destinies of the original American cattle. As a yearling, Nokee was runted and crippled when she hastily backed away from a rattler, fell over a cutbank and smashed one hind leg. Surviving, she dragged along for life in a sidling three-legged gait. Indians wouldn't kill the skinny little creature but predators dogged her until driven off by buffalo bulls. Her purpose in life was fulfilled when she gave birth to an albino calf, the pride of her own bison community. Indians believed the white calf to be a good omen from the Great Spirit. While the mythical long buffalo migrations are a little overplayed, the book has an enticing charm and plenty of effective illustrations by artist June Goldsborough.

GREAT GUIDE

Family vacationers and sportsmen will benefit enormously from the contents of *Roaming the American West* (Stackpole, $9.95) by Donald E. Bower, editor of *American West Magazine*. This adventure and activity guide to 110 scenic, historic and natural wonders in the eleven western states includes more than 100 easy-to-read road maps and over 100 illustrative black and white photographs which provide an inviting foretaste of allurements awaiting the traveler when he visits the West. The next thing to being there, this 256-page book shows the way to trout streams and lakes, salt water fishing, picturesque mountains, forests, foaming rivers, glaciers, sand dunes, deserts, ghost towns, overland routes, mines, ranches, geological phenomenon and numerous tempting hideouts. Fortunately, this one will be available in book stalls at the break of tourist season when the rush is on for the great open spaces so admirably described in *Roaming the American West*.

HIGH ADVENTURE

Trails of a Wilderness Wanderer (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $6.95) by Andy Russell is the contemporary frontiersman's adventures as a cowboy, bronchbuster, rancher, and wildlife photographer. Russell grew up in the shadow of the Rockies in Southwestern Alberta, Canada. He saw the country change from an unspoiled wilderness to the highly developed agricultural and industrial environment of carved up land and polluted waters. Russell's first book, *Grizzly Country*, was a first rate contribution to the knowledge of North America's largest predator. *Wilderness Wanderer* is a tribute to Russell's knowledge of a large chunk of America, its natural history, its problems, and its future. It is also testimony of his ability as a story teller. Those fortunate enough to have shared hunting trips with Russell claim he can keep everyone spellbound for days when bad weather holds everyone in camp. His book is interesting and highly entertaining, and his material on horses is tops.

TALL TEXIAN

The life and times of a prominent Texan has been brought out of obscurity by Robert Glenn Winchester in *James Pinckney Henderson, Texas' First Governor, U. S. Senator, Statesman, Diplomat and General* (Naylor, $4.95). A modest man, Henderson had no active press and was over-shadowed by the towering figure of Sam Houston, hero of San Jacinto. Also Texas knew little of his masterful achievements in England and France, where as envoy for the new Republic, Henderson arranged for substantial trade agreements. The lean Texas treasury held little money for representatives abroad and the fairly well-to-do Henderson paid many of his own expenditures. A brilliant lawyer and shrewd diplomat, he became an easy choice as the first Texas governor. In his first message to the legislature he recommended economy in government, improvement of the court system, and establishment of a public school system. During his period as governor, Henderson became a major general in charge of Texas volunteers during the U. S. Army campaign against Santa Anna's forces in Mexico. The war ended in time for him to conclude his term as governor.

THE FIRST WEST

A Condensed History and Geography of the Western States or *The Mississippi Valley, Vol. I & II* (Scholars Facsimiles & Reprints, $40.00 set of 2 vol.) by Timothy Flint and with an introduction by Bernard Rosenthal was first published in 1828. In 1833 Flint was hailed as "one of the very best of our native writers; and his taste, industry, and research, have done more to make us familiar with some of the most interesting regions of the continent than all the accumulated labors of foreign travelers in the once wild and distant country. . . ." Flint was often quoted by later writers, as well he might, because his work covered in detail much of what was included in at least thirty other books in addition to his own observations. His visions of man conquering this vast region—the diseases, death, and hardships are somewhat inconsistent with his feelings for nature in the West, ". . . a place where nature is a temple to be worshipped." Yet for people hungry for knowledge of the unknown, Flint's descriptions of the land, plants, people, and animals served as a veritable encyclopedia of the West. In addition to the geography and natural history, Flint discusses the settlement of the area from Canada to Louisiana, military actions, Indians, law, transportation, education, and agriculture. In Volume II he deals with more specific geographical areas—Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Flint's *History* was one of several books he wrote. It was a monumental work in its time and the facsimile reprint will be in demand both for its historical significance and its content.

HUNTER'S HELPER

Treasure hunting has become a vacation pastime for thousands and a full-time business for many. Employment of metal detectors, formerly designed for miners, has revolutionized this avocation until many are doing it for fun and profit. A useful guide to this sport is A. T. Evans' *Treasure Hunter's Yearbook 1970-71* (Eureka Press, $4.00, P.O. Box 1215, Odessa, Texas). The book contains a Who's Who of treasure hunters as well as a list of dealers and service groups in various states. Road maps to promising spots are included and numerous successful searchers tell the kinds of equipment to use and give advice on how to case areas where loot may be hidden.

Interpreter for the Apaches

(Continued from page 27)

promised that my sister would live; and he promised also that I would not be killed but would live to be an old man and would die a natural death. What Ussen promises He does. But my men do not have that promise, and it is for them that I fear. They are without weapons. If we had those we would fight as we have always done, regardless of the odds. And we would win or die. Everybody has to die sometime, and there is no better way than by fighting for one's people."

George Wratten did not hesitate. "In my tent," he said, "I have guns and ammunition about which the soldiers do not know. I cannot see unarmed men butchered. There are not enough guns for all to have arms, but what I have you are to use. If you are attacked you know where to find them." For the first time Geronimo's warriors had a glimmer of hope.

WRATTEN soon went to Geronimo again. "At last, word has come from Washington that you are not to be killed but are to be sent to Florida."

Geronimo received the news calmly. He nodded and said, "Ussen has spoken."

Orders came for the fifteen warriors and their families to be entrained. The men were separated from their wives and children, the latter being placed with other non-belligerents. Martine and Kayitah, with George Wratten, were housed at San Augustine in the old Spanish prison. There Wratten was able to interest the local people in alleviating the wretched condition of the captives. Individuals and organizations united in providing food and clothing. An order of Catholic nuns undertook to teach the children the elements of cleanliness and sanitation. They provided clothing and food. They taught the children a few English words with which they could make known their needs. Perhaps their greatest accomplishment was in making the children feel that there were at least some good white people, and that the Indians would not be killed.

Then a terrible threat came, one that from the point of view of the Apaches was much worse than death—the prisoners of war were informed that their children were to be taken from them and sent to something called a "school." George Wratten explained that in this far distant place the children would be fed, clothed, and made to live in houses. That alone was terrifying to people who all their lives had slept in the open air. Worse, they were to learn the evil ways of the White Eyes. If they did not, Wratten explained, they could never compete with their enemies, but would be victims of dishonesty and ill treatment all of their lives. They must learn the language and the habits of their conquerors to walk the White Eyes' trail.

Some parents conceded that for the boys this fate might be endurable, but, what would become of the girls? Didn't they know from bitter experience what happened to those captured by the soldiers? Not even Wratten could dispel that fear and some told him that rather than have that happen to their daughters they would kill them. To prevent that he suggested this strategy: Each warrior was to take into his home as his daughter one or more of the young maidens, and say that he had married her. They would not take married women to the school? Very well, then, that was their solution. That some of these brides were not more than ten years old may have excited suspicion among the officers, but there was no way of disproving the claim of wifehood.

CAPTAIN R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, came to select the children for his institution. He chose 131 and provided for their transportation and enrollment. He, too, was skeptical regarding the recent marriages, but he very wisely decided not to question them.

Some of the Indian "children" forced to go were thirty years of age. James Kaywaykla was the youngest, and Jason Betzinez perhaps the oldest of those who went. Several of the older men, for that is what they were, were married. Among them were Kanseah and Chapo. Betzinez, too, had a wife. These couples were separated and the husbands shipped to Carlisle.

When Chief Chihuahua learned that all of his five children were to go he appealed to Wratten. "Tell them," he said, "that if they take every one of my children I shall die. I cannot live without at least one of them." Later, upon Wratten's telling him that it was decided that he might keep one, and that he must choose which, Chihuahua wept. So did his wife. They agreed that it must be a boy because Chihuahua's son, in all probability, would become the next chief. The couple decided upon their eldest, Eugene.

"But I must warn you," said George Wratten, "that he will be handicapped by lacking the training the others will receive. Only one educated in the White man's school can compete with them."

They kept Eugene.

Ace Daklugie, fully grown and perhaps seventeen, made his own decision—he would not go. When he talked with Geronimo, his uncle said, "You will go. You are to be the next Nednhi chief. You will have to outsmart the White Eyes. You must learn all their lies and deceit."

"But you have a son! Why can't Chapo be the next chief?"

"I love my son," was the reply, "but he lacks the qualities of leadership necessary for a chief. It is you who must succeed your father and me. I have never been elected, but have served as leader for my people. You go to the school."

It may have been George Wratten's feeling of responsibility for enabling Chihuahua to keep Eugene which caused him, years later, to take the young man into the trading post at Fort Sill and supervise his training. Wratten was in charge of the post; he was also manager of the work program of the reservation. He put Eugene into the store and taught him English. The Indian's academic education began with his recognition of the names of commodities printed on containers of food. Eugene learned the names by their conformation, and learned them rapidly. He soon recognized these same names on printed papers and he laboriously acquired the ability to print the words without knowing the letters which composed them. Simultaneously Wratten taught him to count, and to make change.

George Wratten had made the trip from Florida to Mt. Vernon Barracks in Alabama with the Chiricahuas. While in Alabama he married a beautiful young Apache girl. After they went to Fort Sill two daughters, Amy and Blossom, were born. Wratten loved his wife and children and was determined to give his daughters a good education. After the death of his wife he sent the two girls to a school in St. Louis.

In 1899 Wratten married one of the belles of Mobile County, Alabama, Julia Elizabeth Cannon. He knew that having been reared as the indulged daughter of a wealthy plantation owner she might find the primitive conditions into which she was going very difficult. But Julia accepted the new way of life without complaint, and never seemed dissatisfied or unhappy. Upon learning that there was a Catholic Church within a reasonable distance she adjusted rapidly to the changed environment.

"They had a long and happy life," said her son. "There were three sons and two daughters of this second marriage, and my parents were very happy. My older half-sisters were not neglected and both became beautiful and accomplished women. We are very proud of our Apache sisters." One of them, Blossom, married Sam Haousus, an Apache, and reared a fine family.

"Each of my full sisters became a nun. The younger died and the other became a member of the Order of Loretta at Santa Fe," he continued.

George Wratten had known the Apaches since he was a small boy and knew for what type of work they were best fitted. When Daklugie returned from Carlisle Wratten put him in charge of the livestock on the reservation.

The Wrattens stayed with the Chiricahua prisoners of war for twenty-seven years. George sympathized with their fight for release from their status and was delighted when the government needed their land for the newly created School of Fire at Fort Sill. Even so, had Geronimo been living, they probably would not have been permitted to leave. Families were given the option of remaining in Oklahoma and receiving 160 acres of land for a home, or of becoming residents and members of the Mescalero Apache Reservation in New Mexico. Had Wratten thought them in need of his services, he would have gone to their new home, but he felt that his work was completed and that they no longer needed him.

Regardless of his having been largely ignored by historians, George Wratten will live forever in the hearts of the Apaches.

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Wild Old Days!

WILD TURKEY NOBLEST GAME BIRD OF THEM ALL

By Louise Riotte

One hundred years ago, according to Henry Garis, professional market hunter, the "Red Hill" country—now embraced in Woods, Majors and Alfalfa Counties, Oklahoma—was the greatest turkey range on earth.

HENRY GARIS, who made his living at the business, didn't go hunting turkeys just for the sport of it and when he said, "Night is the time to hunt turkeys," he knew exactly what he was talking about. "Shooting the birds in daylight," he continued, "would frighten them and probably drive them out of the country." And that was something he couldn't afford to have happen because in the '70s turkeys paid better than deer.

Mr. Garis went on to tell his story: "When I left Kansas City in a wagon for Sun City, Kansas, in 1896 I reached, in the course of a few weeks, what I believe was the biggest game country on earth—that region extended south from Dodge City into what is now Oklahoma. I hadn't been there long before I met 'Bill' Tilghman, who was also a professional hunter. We got along well and decided to go into partnership.

"Working together we supplied the northern and eastern markets with deer and wild turkeys, but in time we dealt mostly in turkeys. The reason for this was that a deer weighing more than 100 pounds brought only $5.00 a carcass while turkeys averaging from 10 to 12 pounds always sold readily at $1.00 apiece.

"I built my first dugout on Spring Creek in Kansas and it served as a sort of storage place and headquarters. Tilghman and I made it our rule never to fire into a drove of turkeys in the daylight as to do so would frighten them and they would scatter and leave that part of the country. We always hunted at night and the result of this kind of hunting was that we always had an abundance of turkeys within reach—we often rode within 40 feet of a big drove of turkeys without their taking flight.

"People who never hunted in the Southwest in the old days can scarcely imagine the enormous number of turkeys that ranged the country. . . . I have seen ten and twelve acres at a time black with turkeys, actually the ground itself seemed to be alive. After the turkeys had passed, the ground looked like it had been scratched with a rake.

"The turkeys fed on small acorns and often flew into the hackberry trees for berries, their weight stripping the trees of their smaller limbs. I knew of one gobbler sold at Dodge City that weighed 45 pounds and we killed many that weighed 35 and 40 pounds.

"The worst scare I ever got," he concluded his story by saying, "was in the West country while hunting turkeys at night. Even though we had an occasional brush with Cheyenne Indians, Tilghman and I, though partners, always hunted alone.

"We started out one night in search of a roost, Tilghman going down a big canyon. Our reconnoitering finally brought us into a heavily timbered creek bottom. Each of us was moving stealthily with a gun cocked, taking a step at a time, doing our best to penetrate the darkness and take the turkeys on the roost.

"The wind was blowing from the south and it was difficult to hear footsteps or the breaking of twigs. Suddenly we backed squarely into each other in the darkness, neither suspecting the presence of the other. I am confident that I jumped 10 feet into the air, my hair on end and my finger on the trigger of my gun.

"By the time I came down Tilghman had regained his composure—luckily he had been too startled to shoot me on the wing, while I couldn't shoot with my feet off the ground. Both of us lay down and panted a while to get our breath and then each of us roundly cussed the other for scaring him."

HUNTING was still pretty good in the autumn of 1890 as shown by an old, faded picture, published some years ago in *The Daily Oklahoman*. The caption under it reads: "In the autumn of 1890 a few men of Ardmore, Oklahoma, went hunting one morning and came back that afternoon with this load of wild deer and turkey. Kills of this size were not uncommon at that date." This picture, taken nearly eighty years ago, shows twenty-six wild turkey and seven deer hung on a heavy pole, supported by the trunks of two small forked trees, evidently improvised for the taking of the picture.

The turkey is a cheerful symbol of American folkways; it was once proposed by Benjamin Franklin as our national bird to replace the rapacious eagle, and

The noble bird.

Photo Courtesy Dallas Audubon Society

it has become traditional to feature turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

Wild turkeys are rapidly diminishing as a result of intensive hunting but they are still tracked by the more inveterate Nimrods. In Oklahoma where Henry Garis and Bill Tilghman once found such huge flocks, the birds are now protected. In 1969 the season extended from April 19 to the 27th and only a tom turkey could be taken. A permit of $500 was required, along with a hunting license, and only shotguns, rifles or longbow and arrows could be used.

No longer may turkeys be hunted at night as the old market hunters did. The hours proscribed are from 5:30 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., and wild turkeys may be hunted only in designated counties. There is a fall season in November.

Turkeys seldom live over five years. There are so few of them left now that hunters are frequently disappointed and may hunt for the entire season without ever seeing one. Where they were once slaughtered by the thousands it is a great thrill now to bag even one.

POWDER HOUSE

By J. S. Sampson

THE LITTLE HOUSES are scattered throughout the mining districts as if some special race of dwarfs or midgets had chosen to construct small-scale homes in a metropolis of towering mine buildings. They are sturdily constructed with thick walls, heavy roofs, and no windows, which accounts for the fact that many of them are still standing in places where tipples and mine buildings collapsed and crumbled away long ago.

Actually, no diminutive race of people lived in the houses; they were built by old-time miners who took special pains to construct strong storage places for blasting powder.

Black powder is a mixture of saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur. It was used extensively for blasting in the mines before the introduction of the more sophisticated and explosive pellet powder and dynamite. Black powder was packed in kegs, and the kegs were stored in these small powder houses.

Long ago each miner was required to buy his own powder, and it was issued to him daily. So many blasting accidents occurred that a law had been passed prohibiting more than one day's supply of powder per man.

Every morning the miners went for their powder. It was kept in powder jacks which held about five pounds. The explosive was poured from the keg into a box, and then the powder jacks were filled with a funnel. The men were not allowed to carry their powder jacks into the mine with them, since lowering men and powder on the same cage was forbidden.

Each miner packed his own cartridges by rolling a newspaper cylinder and filling it with powder. These cartridges were then tamped into holes which had been drilled with hand augers. A long tamping pole with a copper needle on the end was used to poke a small, symmetrical hole in the cartridge, and a fuse or "squib" fitted into this hole. The squib was coated with sulphur to make it burn slowly. After lighting the squib, the men had two minutes to get out of the way before the blast.

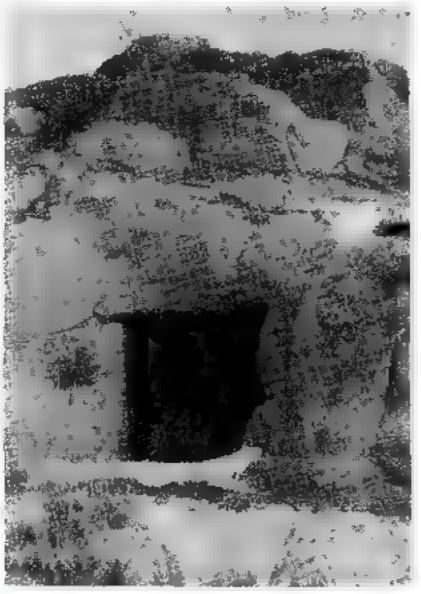
Safety practices were virtually unknown in the early days, and many a miner lost his life because he was careless with this volatile powder. Once ignited, it burns furiously. Terrible burns were common, and the treatment was primitive. The victim was wrapped in oil-soaked cloths, and if the burns were extensive, the patient's chances for survival were slim. Nevertheless, miners often smoked while they handled the powder, and there were no rules prohibiting them from doing so.

IN Colorado after 1912, the State Inspector of Coal Mines investigated the deaths of miners and listed the cause of death, the date, name of mine, etc. in his annual reports. Deaths by powder burns and misfired shots were not uncommon. For example, the following death is recorded in Inspector James Dalrymple's sixth annual report, 1918:

February 22—HARRY NOZENSKY, Russian, machine miner, age 26 years, single, employed by the W. E. Russell Coal Company, at the Russell mine, Weld County, was injured on the 8th of February igniting some black powder and died on the 22nd. At the time of the accident deceased was preparing a cartridge at the mouth of the room when his lamp fell off, igniting the powder in two jacks and burnt him. Deceased should have placed his open light so that there was no chance for it to come in contact with the powder.

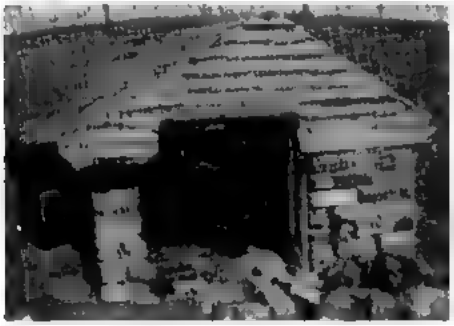
Solidly built of concrete, wood, and stone, the powderhouses were built to last.

A large powder magazine carved from a solid sandstone cliff.



Carelessness on part of the deceased caused the accident.

The little powder houses have not been used for years—by people. Wild animals have found these shelters superior homes; mother rabbit, mother skunk and mother coyote have turned many a power magazine into hearth and home for a litter of babies. Mrs. Rattlesnake doesn't mind taking up residence in a powder house either!



An unusual powder house built of bricks.

Most of the mining camps are ghost towns now with ancient foundations shimmering in the heat of summer and then crackling to the tune of winter's ice, slowly, slowly going back to earth under a relentless turning of the seasons. No miners call back and forth as they tramp off to work, there is no sound of mules braying or the hustle and bustle of steam engines puffing away from the tipples with heavy loads and easing up and down steep, mountain grades.

The powder houses, too, are disappearing under the onslaught of years and weather; there is no way of saving these relics of another era. So when a tiny powder house is discovered, give it a kindly inspection and recognize it for what it is—an historic and serviceable structure from a chapter of the mining history of the West.

NORTH DAKOTA MINIATURE

By Harrison Leon Church

MANNING, North Dakota, must be the smallest county seat in the United States. It is credited with fifty people, which you believe if you look at its mark on the map, but which you don't believe if you happen to drive through. Highway 22 narrows about twenty-five miles north of Dickinson, and what's left is Manning. It isn't even incorporated, never has been anything but the location of expectations and Dunn County's courthouse, which contains practically its sole activity.

Not that it was always so. Established in 1908 as the county seat of newly formed Dunn County, the location was selected because the Northern Pacific Railroad was expected to run a branch line to the site. The town grew rapidly to a population of two or three hundred and sported hotel, blacksmith shop, shoeshop, two banks, and large general mercantile store as well as two or three churches and the post office and courthouse. Today

Above, Manning, North Dakota—still a bit hard to spot from a distance. Below, the schoolhouse is still one of the busiest places in town.

the Baptist Church, grocery store, and old post office remain. A new post office handles the mail now, and the courthouse is the replacement for the first one, which burned about 1914. Cause of the burst bubble was the rerouting of that rail line to terminate not in Manning but in Killdeer some ten miles to the north.

Today Manning sleeps in the daytime, dies at night. An afternoon drive through town shows an old barn overflowing through the door with tin cans; and, of course, the courthouse, a rather rambling but substantial one-story white building. The street in front is paved with grass right to the steps. Across this dusty pasture is a house.

During the week there are indeed people in town. The judge, who also serves as county clerk; the county superintendent of schools; the sheriff and his deputy —all keep shop in the courthouse. The two latter officials are the police force for the community as well as the county and serve to check into an occasional bad check or bit of public drunkenness.

Manning's post office is now housed in a more modern building, but the old one still stands—a friendly reminder of the past.

But in general, Manning, North Dakota today is in limbo, surviving from the past when travel to any place farther or bigger was out of the question and awaiting the day when North Dakota's population will equal that of Detroit. Then maybe Manning will boom again, and the sheriff will have plenty of crime to fight.

THE CHRISTMAS ORANGE

By Orville Greer

MAKING a living for a family of eight on 320 acres of homestead land during the early part of the twentieth century was not easy, nor was the standard of living high.

We used coal stoves, as the fuel was obtainable from the soil at no expense only the labor involved in digging it out. Kerosene lamps were used sparingly, as kerosene cost ten cents per gallon. Mother sewed most of our clothes on her old treadle machine, then they were passed down the line until all possible use had been gained from them. Our mittens were made from the salvageable parts of threadbare wool coats. Shoes were worn to school, but during the summer months we went barefoot in spite of cactus and rattlesnakes.

Practically all of our food was produced on the farm, except such staples as coffee, sugar, salt and flour. Mother baked our bread and canned immense quantities of vegetables. Every possible economy was practiced to maintain a minimum living standard, although we did not think of standards, only possibilities.

Under the circumstances, Christmas was a burden as well as a happy affair and I know our parents felt the need not only to worship the birth of the Savior but to give each of us children a material gift as well as the gift of love. This was the hard part as money was almost impossible to obtain at that time of year—harvest was long past and winter had an icy grip on the land.

Our Christmas tree was a stunted juniper, cut from a ridge many miles away then carried home by horseback. It was decorated with colored paper, chain links and threaded pop corn.

Due to the arid summers and severe winters no fruit would grow on our land. I suppose that was why our traditional gift was an orange, sometimes supplemented by a pocket knife or a doll, but often only the beautiful, exotic, fragrant orange.

In eastern Wyoming oranges were not a common commodity. The only stores in the small town were general merchandise stores selling horse collars, hardware, clothing, as well as groceries. Sometime during early December they would receive a shipment of oranges, then Dad would make the long, cold trip to town, either by wagon and team or on horseback to secure for us that most prized and longed-for possession. On his return trip he must have taken great care to protect the fruit from freezing.

When we returned from school we knew the oranges were there by the lovely fragrance permeating the air and in a short time we also knew exactly where they were secreted, awaiting that eventful evening.

ON Christmas Eve we children were sent upstairs to await the coming of Santa Claus, after which we were called down to find all that the year would afford on a dinner plate for each of us. There were six children and six oranges. Our parents must have felt that our pleasure was ample satisfaction for themselves.

In the event nature had favored the sand hills with more than the usual amount of rain and wheat had been a good price, there may possibly have been some hard, sugar candy and a small gift, such as a pocket knife or a rubber ball, but the main attraction for our eyes and most valued gift would be that beautiful orange whose color and aroma brought dreams of a far-away land.

The candy would soon be eaten, the pocket knife handled, opened and admired, but our orange remained almost untouched, such was the esteem we had for this delicacy.

The orange was kept and admired for as many days as we dared while we anticipated our treat. Then when it became obvious we could no longer preserve it, great care was taken to not waste a drop. The peel was gently removed and the white lining eaten. The outside was saved to store in a chest to impart its odor to our clothes. We ate the fruit slowly and enjoyed it to the fullest—we even ate the seeds!

I cannot expect anyone without our background of hardship and deprivation to understand the nostalgia the odor of an orange brings to me today. While our parents' hearts must have ached at the poverty of gifts they could give us I do not feel deprived; on the contrary, they enriched my life by imparting to me a capacity for appreciation, a gift far exceeding anything that material wealth could have brought.

RAIDS AND NEAR RAIDS IN KANSAS

By Edith Morris

IN May 1870 a party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes rode down Oak Creek and came across a party of four men, Best, Hatcher, Kshinka and Seger, all from Cawker City. The four men were well armed and by lying close to the ground and keeping up a continual firing they were able to hold the Indians off for four hours. The Indians decided they were difficult to capture and abandoned the raid.

The Indians went on and came upon a little settlement at Glen Elder where they killed three men, whose bodies were later found in the river.

This scared the settlers and they fled in different directions and many found shelter at the stockade erected on the farm of George W. Stinson. When the troops came down the Indians fled but twenty days later they appeared near Cawker City which then consisted of one house and a sod stable. There were thirty Indians and one lone man—Uncle John Seger—in Cawker City. The Indians did not know how many were in the settlement because Uncle John dressed himself in the suits belonging to those who were away at work. He would appear in one suit and then another until he apparently convinced the would-be raiders that there were plenty of reinforcements.

Several years later the same approach fooled a raiding party in Glen Elder, Kansas. An Indian scout had brought news of a planned raid that afternoon. The whole town gathered in a men's clothing store on the west side of the square.

When the afternoon wore on and no Indians appeared, the women persuaded their husbands to go home with them so they could feed the children. The owner of the store believed the scout and decided he must do something to save the town. He knew he had enough suits and hats and proceeded to go outside and look

(Continued on page 65)

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Rocker completely disassembled.

A ROCKIN' GOOD TIME

—how to make a little dough without trying too hard

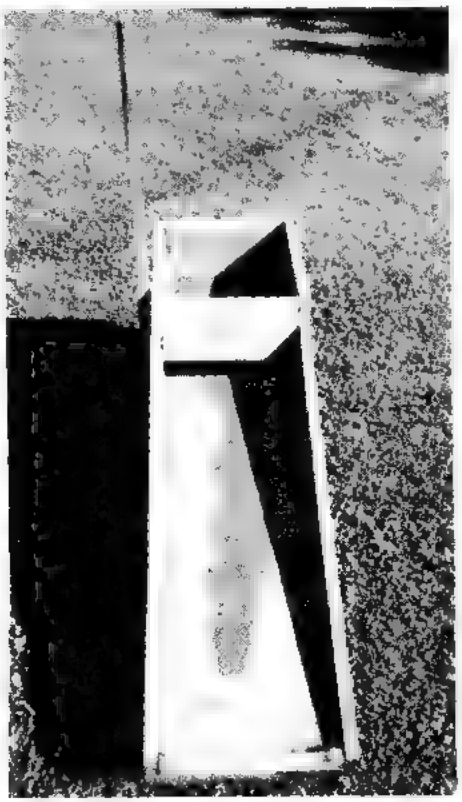
By ARTHUR M. ISBERG

Photos Courtesy Author

CHANCES are that if you've spent any time in the outdoors, whether hunting, hiking, or just plain poking around, you've probably tried your luck at a little panning, or as it's known by some old-timers, "turnin' color." I've panned my way through what seemed like a mountain in river bottoms and I've enjoyed every peaceful moment of it, but I've graduated!

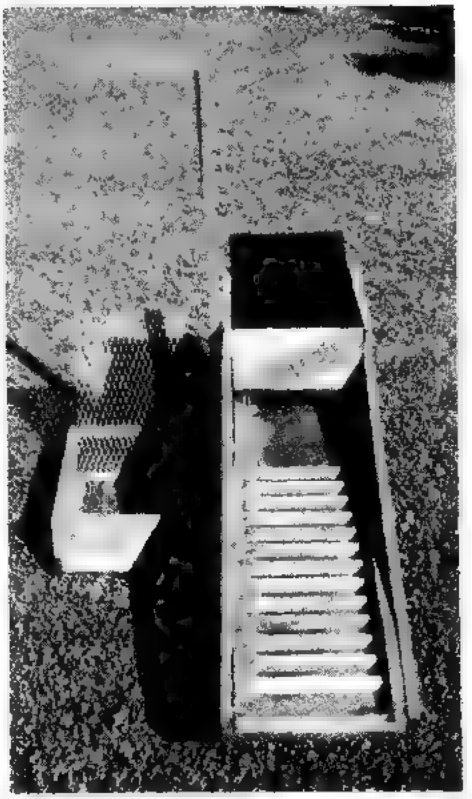
There comes a time for every would-be gold seeker when the color is unusually plentiful, the flakes a little bigger, or possibly even a small nugget or two appears, and his immediate reaction is, "How can I move more yardage without sinking money in machinery?" Here, my friend, is your answer—a small, lightweight, and portable rocker. I've been using one for three summers and it has proved itself on every count. It will outproduce hand panning by six or seven times the footage you can go through, and not only is there an increase in the fun, but there's a definite edge in the raising of your own personal gold hoard!

I've kept the construction simple and easy to follow. All material can be



First step—the rocker is set on the platform.

Second—the riffle board slides in place.



Third—the corduroy-covered backboard is next.

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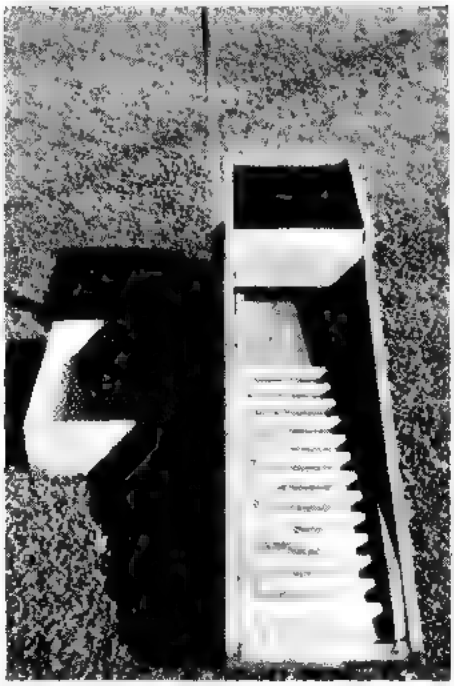
bought at any lumber yard and no special tools are needed to complete its building. Tools found around any household—such as a hammer, saw, screwdriver and, if you have one, a small hand plane—will do. With these the entire job can be completed in about four or five hours. All material is redwood, with brass two-inch woodscrews for fasteners.

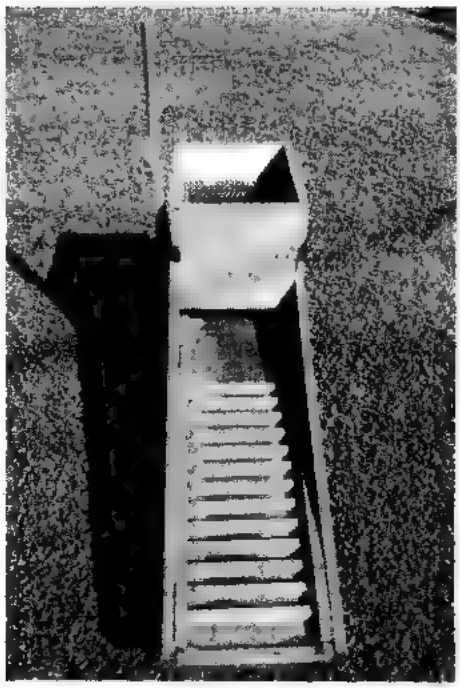
Experience, of course, will be your best teacher in operating your rocker, but here are a few pointers I've picked up over the last several summers.

I use a five-gallon bucket to hold my gleanings from rock crevices, under boulders, and what I can clean from rock-lined pools. You can then dump your potential strike into the hopper. It can be filled completely to the top and then some. Next, fill the bucket almost to the top with water and slowly pour it over the load. Just enough to wash the diggin's down through the screen and across the riffles. Too much water pressure will wash most of your accumulated effort away. I like to wash through at least two or three buckets of gravel before trying to check my color. Many times you will be able to see color in between the riffles before any panning is done.

When you're ready to make your first cleaning of the rocker, change washing speed to a longer and slower stroke. You will notice that this change in speed will clean out almost all rocks up to surprising size without disturbing the material that has accumulated between the riffles. Next, place your pan under the lip of the rocker. I like to use a sixteen-inch pan for this operation. Have your partner (I prefer my wife or kids) slowly lift the riffle board up from the back of the rocker forward. After you've succeeded in lifting it completely out, stand it up in the back end of the washway and pour a bucketful of water over it at sufficient speed to clean it completely and also wash all the accumulated material from the bottom of the rocker.



Fourth—the backboard in place, ready for the hopper.

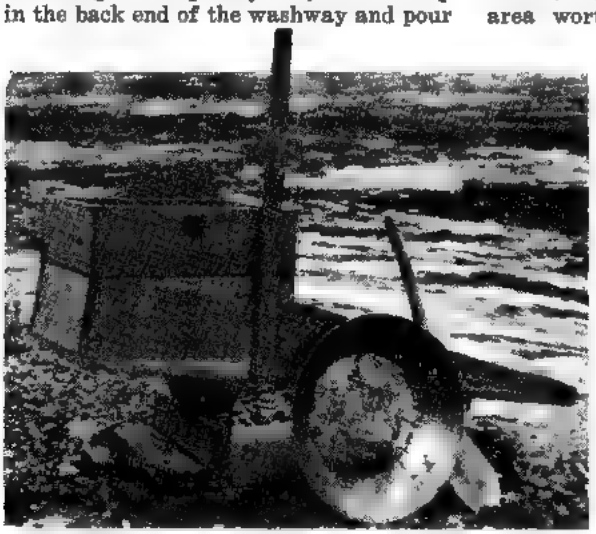


Fifth—the unit completely assembled and ready for the high country.

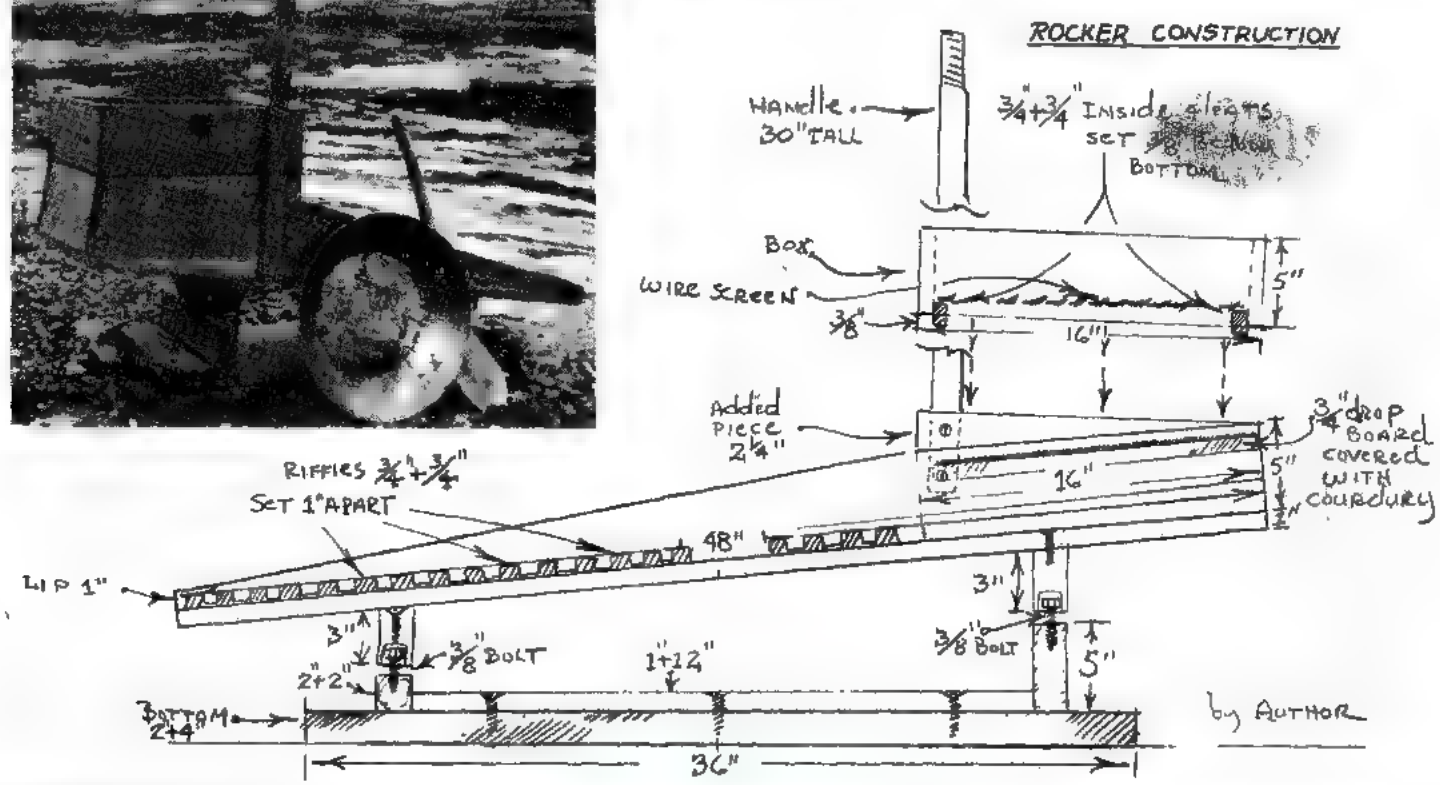
THIS will all go into the pan and you can then settle down to panning it out and seeing just what kind of color you've got. If you are used to just a simple panning, you will probably be in for quite a surprise with your first pan from the rocker. If you've worked in an area worth its salt, you'll find more color than you're used to seeing in one pan's washing. But, remember, you are panning through the accumulated gravel of fifteen or twenty single pans all at one time. This is where the rocker really shines. If pickings are slim and you've worked the best areas in your vicinity, then I suggest you move on to another spot up or downstream. You'll know the right place when you hit it.

We carry a small plastic container with a tight fitting cap, and a good pair

(Continued on page 62)



Working the river!



DISCOVERY OF

THE ping of the bullets sounded uncomfortably close as the small party of white men crouched behind some large boulders. General Grenville M. Dodge, late of the Union Army and now assigned to the Department of the Missouri in charge of all the country between the Missouri River and California, ordered his men to lie low.

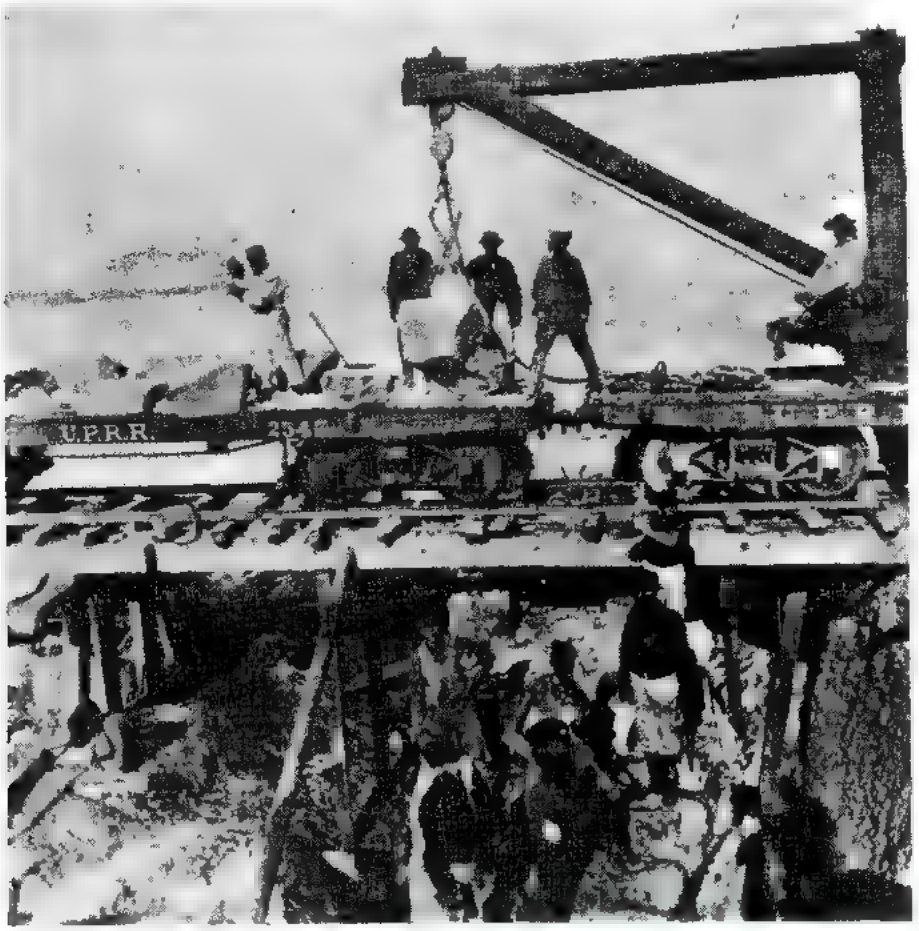
General Dodge and his small command were holed up in a canyon in the Wyoming Black Hills. They were returning from the Powder River campaign where the general had picked up first hand information about the Indians in northern Wyoming. He and his men had seen plenty of Indian sign. During their stay in the Powder River country smoke signals rose constantly from buttes and mountain peaks. Prairie fires burned in many places. To the northwest loomed the Big Horn Mountains, a favorite rendezvous of the Sioux, Arapaho and Crow tribes. These Indians, enemies from ancient times, had united to resist the white man's progress into their ancestral lands.

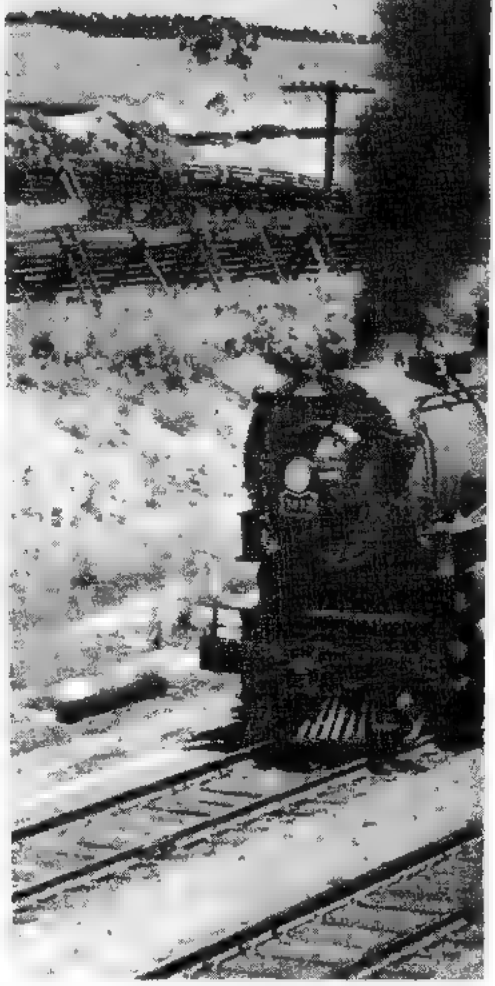
General Dodge had another purpose in being in that hostile country, however. Soon he'd take a leave of absence from the army to become chief engineer for the Union Pacific Railway which would be built west out of Omaha. He was seeking a route for the railroad—and what he saw now convinced him that the Indians would never give up the Big

Nobody can just disappear—but a war party of Crows had seemed to. When General Dodge figured out how they had "split" the mountain, he knew where Union Pacific would lay its tracks...

At Green River bridge workmen labor on construction of a stone abutment.

All Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection





LONE TREE PASS

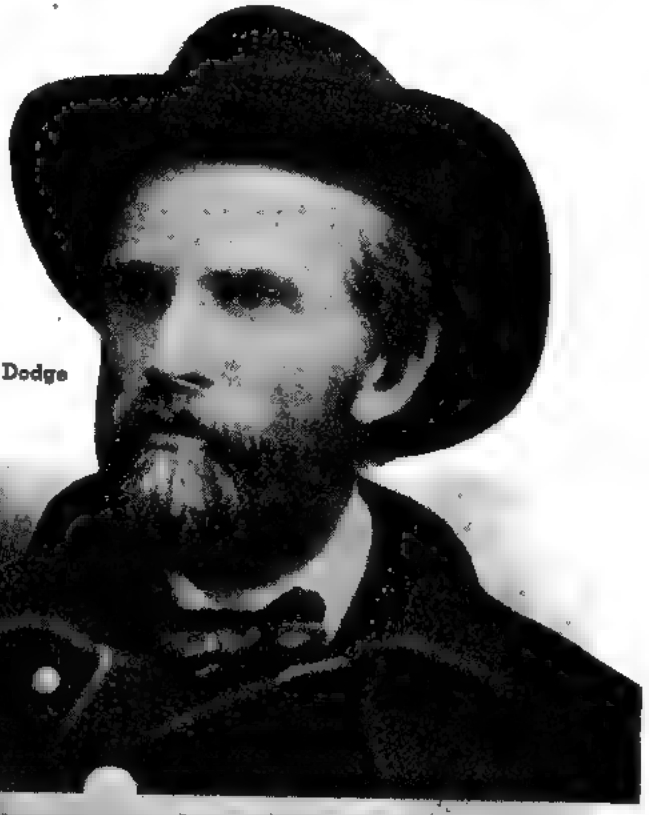
By LYNN MOORE
Photos Courtesy Author

Horn country without a bloody war.

The general took his troops back to Fort Laramie, determined to find a pass through the Wyoming Black Hills one hundred miles to the south of the fort. This was the more direct route, anyway, and would save many miles of expensive track laying.

ON a frosty morning in mid-September 1865, Dodge moved his escort of cav-

(Continued on page 58)



Major-General Grenville M. Dodge

The Union Pacific train at Sherman, Wyoming, shown coming down Sherman Hill between Cheyenne and Laramie.

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Shirt-Tail Canyon

(Continued from page 25)

all about, the early miners panned and dry-dug for gold. It was here that the "second great rush" occurred following the discovery at Coloma. When gold was unearthed at nearby Auburn, thousands of miners left the rolling lowlands to fight into this high country. Historian Joseph Henry Jackson commented, "Only the hard Yankee stock could have withstood and conquered this rugged land." Yet the pay was worth it—$800 to $1,500 a day—for those willing to work.

Why the name Shirt-tail? Early in the summer of 1849 two men, a Tuttle and a Van Zandt from Connecticut, were prospecting along the bars. Talking quietly to each other, they rounded a bend. There to their astonishment was a man—alone, mining with a pan and a crevice spoon. He was naked, except for a short gray shirt. Apologetically the men approached, trying to act nonchalant. "Hello," all three exclaimed simultaneously.

"What in the devil's name do you call this place?" one intruder asked.

The bare-bottomed man looked down at his knobby legs, glanced up and said, "Don't know—but we might call it shirt-tail." And so the name remained.

SADLY, much of this river country will vanish in the next few years, as a series of Federal dams, now under construction, will inundate the many tributaries, including Shirt-tail. These reservoirs are necessary for flood control, and imperative for the state's thirsty crops. Yet, for those of us loving exploration, and enjoying unique history, it's hard to lose so colorful an area.

As a boy, I hunted and fished here, as well as panned for gold. High on the sunny ridges are open glades and fields cleared in the eighties and nineties by some of the pioneer families who never got much gold but who stayed because they liked it. Here along the blackberry brambles was good quail hunting. And doves came in good, too, darting fast over the pastures to settle at the springs.

There was one abandoned ranch I remember especially. The water was strikingly sweet and crystal cold, gushing from a spring to pool in a hand-carved cistern. It brought coon and deer and fox and all types of wild-folk. The split-rail corral had fallen into disarray, and the house and barn were crumbling. The owner had taken pride in construction, for the porch and shutters were scalloped with "gingerbread," and the rooms were spacious, with tall windows opening on a view of the Sierra and the shadowed canyon below. In the yard were gnarled fig trees, still productive. Above the hum of bees came the muffled thunder of the American River. On the hill behind was a mine shaft, its entrance littered with cables, tools, lanterns, and an ore car, abandoned where they stood. Inside, under a box, were yellowed receipts and a grub list so faded it was almost impossible to read, except for a date—May 4, 1881.

Everywhere in the Shirt-tail country it is easy to find old shafts. Walk off the road a quarter of a mile, or move over the hill toward the river and suddenly a flume or a rusted wheel, or a shaft with pulleys and twisted cable, may loom out of the greenery.

I remember one fall evening, when the canyons were a smoky blue and the air smelled of damp earth and sounded of falling leaves. My father and I were hunting for mountain quail, those fat gray partridges that usually run, rather than fly. Our spaniel was working ahead of us. We were following her through a grove of fir trees when suddenly at the canyon edge appeared the remains of a stamp mill and a vacated village, unknown to me and not on any map. And what a find!

The giant mill spread across the hillside in a jumble of buildings, windowless, its hoists and windlasses rising ghost-like. There were some twenty stamps with six-foot wheels, and what was left of an old steam engine which had powered the set-up. A covered tramway led to the mouth of a tunnel, where carts still stood on the tracks. Much of the timbering was a foot square and as solid as if just constructed. The plant and its buildings covered at least an acre, and many of the workmen's houses were in good condition, weathered but explorable. Stoves, clothes, pots and pans, broken furniture, and liquor bottles were in nearly every home. It was an exciting find, uncommon but not exceptional in the shirt-tail country.

MUCH of my boyhood was spent in this region, searching for lost towns, many of which remain a mixture of history and legend. One such village, between Auburn and Forest Hill, became a refuge for the county's roustabouts. When law-conscious citizens would no longer tolerate the ruffians who had had free rein, the latter formed their own camp. According to legend, gamblers, thieves, gunmen, cheats, prostitutes, and even gangs converged here, bringing back loot collected from raids on surrounding communities. The place roared twenty-four hours a day.

The story is told that two men, noted leaders, began competing for power. Soon the camp split into warring factions and an all-out battle resulted. "Blood ran thick," the legend claims, especially in one cabin where the retreating side took refuge. Caught in a cross-fire, the place was riddled and so were the occupants. When it was all over, havoc reigned with neither side emerging victorious. The battered survivors drifted on, leaving the place to the coyotes.

Now, such a tale stirs the blood of any historian and of any ghost-towner. How much is truth? I have searched old archives, newspapers, personal diaries and the like, but have never chanced upon a word about this town or of this incident. Yet, as a boy, I was taken to the spot by friends familiar with the story. Vaguely, I recall a wooded flatland, sparsely covered with oak and digger pine. By pawing about the leafy ground, we uncovered a stone base of some old buildings—but nothing more. However, the elder members of the party

had visited the spot in the early 1900s. They recalled a cluster of old shacks, peppered with lead—doors and window-rims literally packed with bullets. They recalled cutting out the smashed lead with their pocket knives. What is the complete story? How much is fancy? How much is fact? Perhaps some reader knows.

There is a second city, also without name. In 1851 Reverend Joseph A. Benton, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Sacramento, toured from Auburn to Forest Hill and Nevada City. Passing through Shirt-tail Canyon one evening, he stopped at the cabin of a miner friend. Later they walked down to the river bar where a thousand miners had a village. "It was evening," he begins in an article for the old *Pacific Weekly*, "and the tall, dark pines that grew around added a gloom as well as a grandeur to the scene. Lights were dancing thickly about, as we looked from the height down upon the scene, and men were passing to and fro in all directions. As we went along the narrow street, the principal gambling saloon threw a glare of light upon it; and the drinking shops were all wide open, though the night was chill and somewhat damp. As we were passing, a noise and outcry drew us to the farthest quarter, close under the hillside. Here was one of the stateliest buildings the place could boast. Two rooms took up the whole of the lower story. The front one was a lounging or sitting room, with a bar in it, and the back one was a dancing room. There were scores of men here, as lookers on, or revelers in dissipation. In the rear apartment were miners and others, with unkempt hair and long beards, stamping through the dance with perfect wildness and abandon, amid clouds of dust, and with such companions as vulgar, smoking, spitting, painted, swearing females. Between the sets, all adjourned to the bar, steaming and sweating and dusty, to refresh themselves with horrid liquors. In the sitting room was the postmaster and deputy sheriff playing cards with their favorite courtesans. On the piazza was the principal doctor, with a *señorita* on his lap. The law partner of the justice of the peace was gallanting another Spanish woman about the streets. For two years and more they had been there, and every dollar obtained was spent in such places. Most of them were of good families. Some well educated. We turned away from the scene, filled with sadness. It appeared to us like the hole of the pit; like a cave of witches and hags in an orgy."

Reverend Benton did not name the town; history books do not record it. It thrived and vanished without leaving a ruin or a memory. For years, my ghost-towning friends and I tramped that wild region. Oh, we found old wagons, a derringer, a gold pan, abandoned mines, old cabins, and numerous stage roads—but no town.

A TYPICAL description of such a river-bar camp is given by a pioneer of the area. The towns stood on a level of ground a few feet above the river; down

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the steep backdrop of mountains came the trails and roads. The main street was narrow and always crowded. It centered on a plaza, around which rose stone structures, some in shakes, many with canvas, more of boards, and an occasional one of poles with brush thrown over. Wrote the old-timer, "All sorts of games of hazard, and liquors are dispensed; and adjoining are dance houses with squeaking violins, dark skinned *señoritas* puffing cigarettes. On the main street are found the hotels, the boarding-houses, stores, bakeries, saloons. Here are the livery stable, the butcher shop, the shoemaker, the washman, the blacksmith, all in operative order. In the street are pack-mules, saddle horses, donkeys, and not infrequently large freight wagons to which are hitched eight or ten mules."

Camping and exploring in the Shirt-tail is great adventure. The river, although rattlesnake infested, is excellent for panning gold. And in the pools below the terraced falls are rainbow trout. During the Depression many prospectors lived off the land, making five to ten dollars a day panning.

Somewhere in the headwaters is the lost Duncan treasure, located in one of the dozens of dark-wooded canyons. In 1850 Thomas Duncan from Missouri entered the state through the Shirt-tail. Later, while panning the region, he confided to his new partners that in the high passes he had fallen upon a rich lode, too large and too difficult to develop by himself. Duncan said he needed help and would share it. With a whoop of joy the men threw down their pans. Duncan assured them he could relocate the lode with no problem—it was in a canyon not far from a grove of huge trees. He did not know, of course, that the "huge trees" were the giant sequoia, or that this isolated grove (six trees standing, two fallen) was the most northern stand of this species in the world.

It is a lovely vale, thick with ferns, fed by a purling stream. The red-trunked giants loom out of the greeness, startling in their immensity. Here Duncan led his excited friends. Beyond the grove, he said, lay the canyon. Suddenly he became confused, as the ravines and the rises looked much alike. For days the miners wandered, with Duncan becoming increasingly befuddled. His companions, now suspicious, threatened to shoot him if he didn't find the lode and fast.

This incident may remind the reader of the famous "Lost Gold Lake" where a man named Stoddard excited a whole community with his tales of a lake, glittering with golden shores, and how he was threatened with hanging. Stoddard escaped. Incidentally, both searches took place the same year and a little more than a hundred miles apart.

Fortunately for Duncan, the group lucked on another deposit, not as rich as hoped for but promising enough to cool their tempers so that like Stoddard, Duncan escaped. He was never seen again. With forgiving humor, his friends named the spot Duncan's Ridge.

ON the high rim above the Shirt-tail, its tattered buildings mellowing in the sun, stands the area's most famous ghost—Yankee Jim's. There are a few people around "to keep the town kicking," but by and large the place has crumbled to dust. It was named after a chap who was not a Yankee but an Australian; who was a clever horse thief except that he outsmarted himself and unwittingly gave Placer County one of its richest, rootin'-tootin' towns.

Yankee Jim, apparently escaping the prisons of Australia, ventured through the South Seas to California in search of gold. Legend tells that he claimed to be a "Yankee" but his accent betrayed him. Eventually he settled on the north rim of Devil's Canyon, a tributary of the Shirt-tail, there doing a little dry-digging —not much mining, but enough to look good. At least, he always had enough gold dust to make men wonder.

Then a miner, who had lost a horse, did some detective work. In a hidden glade, in a well constructed cedar corral, he not only found his missing horse but a whole herd. Immediately the chorus, "horse-thief," went up, so that Jim departed quickly, but was hanged later in the southern mines for the same occupation.

With time, the river began petering out, so that the miners worked higher, dry digging, until one day someone wandered into the rickety remains of the corral. There, where the trampled earth was eroded, they found free gold—all for the taking—enough to have made Yankee Jim an honest rich man for life.

The town which sprang up on this spot became one of the largest in the state. From 1850 until after the Civil War, ox teams and clipper wagons rumbled through its streets. It was the center for dispersing mining equipment, clothing, and provisions for most of the northern mines. In 1852 a large fire tore through the settlement, but from the ruins rose a bigger city which by 1853 had turned its efforts to hydraulic mining. In an effort to strip the land of every ounce of its gold, men washed away the earth as the profits rose. Ditches and flumes, constructed to tap the natural streams, dropped water at tremendous speed until the gushing force tore out the hillsides. The result—a denuded land left dry and sterile so that only a few scrub pines and stringy chaparral could find a meager existence.

Yet the town itself remained a pleasant site. In fact, in the late 1800s the place became known for its wonderful fruit—apples, pears, peaches, and berries. Back in 1852, a Colonel McClure sent to New Jersey for an assorted 500 fruit trees. With plentiful water and good soil, they thrived. He tended them while people laughed; but he was the one to laugh last. With the first crop he made more money than many of the miners had made on their entire venture. Men traveled for miles just to taste a succulent peach or to bite into a sugary pear. None of them minded a bit the minimum price of a dollar apiece!

McClure's "Welcome Cottage," built for his new bride from the East, became the hospitality house of the county and was

known for its gracious banquets and fancy balls.

In 1857 California's Governor Weller opened his campaign there, amidst bunting and banners, and with a brass band. Throughout the sixties, Yankee Jim's prospered with new stores, churches, livery stables, a town hall, schools which included a ballet parlor, a theatre, and the usual dozen or so saloons. Entertainers from around the world included the spot on their itineraries.

One of the remaining landmarks is the Norton Place, named after a mule-train operator who got rich by shipping gold and equipment over the rugged country between Yankee Jim's and Sacramento. At first Mrs. Norton ran a boarding house, but soon established an exclusive club offering relaxation to businessmen, politicians, and the like who enjoyed good drinks, a quiet card game, and pretty girls. Local citizens frankly dismiss the place as a "roaring, honky-tonk house."

Early in the present century, while remodeling the place, a Mrs. Eddy found a secret drawer containing an undisclosed amount of gold and a telegram to Mrs. Norton dated New York, May 13, 1869. "Your mother no better, failing fast." It was signed "John Mack." There was also a parchment signed by Mrs. Norton, bequeathing all her possessions to T. G. Fagundes, a nurse who had cared for Mrs. Norton following the death of her husband. What relationship this had to the gold, to the house and its secret drawer, or to her death, no one knows. There is much mystery surrounding the ownership that followed. It is another curious tale of the Shirt-tail country.

For those who love adventure, escape, beauty, and western lore, for those who love a pioneer atmosphere, the Shirt-tail country offers it all. But hurry. With new roads and modern dams, with a teeming population seeking recreation, the Shirt-tail land may soon be just one more place remembered only in legend.

Treasure Trove and the Law

(Continued from page 18)

the trash, and the point of the shovel struck something hard. I shoveled the trash away, and got the can on my spade, and was going to throw it in the sled. It was too heavy, so I dragged it out toward me a foot or so, and told my brother the can must be full of rocks. So I tried to take the lid off with my fingers. It was rusty and old, and I could not get it off, so I took the pick and chopped through the lid, and when I pulled it out the lid came with it. In doing so I cut two of the sacks—tobacco sacks—containing fives and twenties. So we looked through all the sacks, which were gold. My brother says, 'Let's take it over home.' I says, 'No, let's take it up and show Dee Roberts.'

"So we packed it up on the spade together. We packed it up to the porch steps, and Dee came out and says, 'What you got, boys?' We says, 'A can of gold.' 'Where did you get it?' 'Out in the henhouse.' So Mary Roberts, Dee's wife, and O'Neil came to the door, and said, 'Let's have it,' so we gave it to them. They

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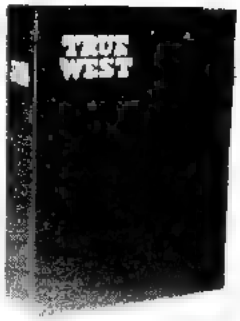

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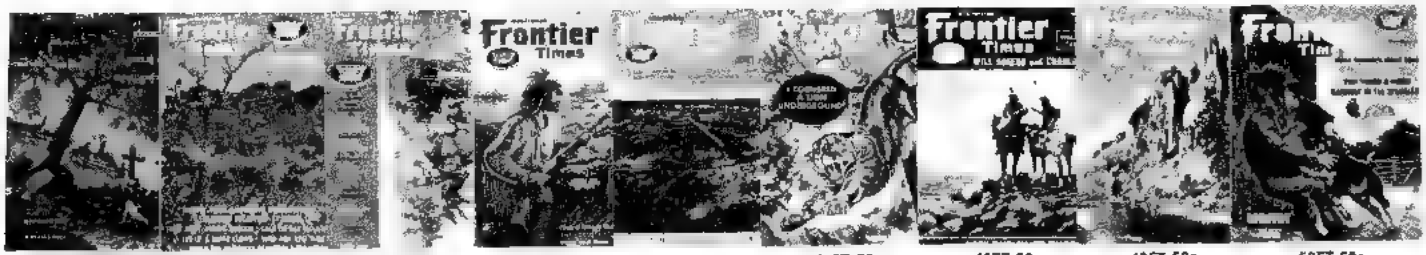

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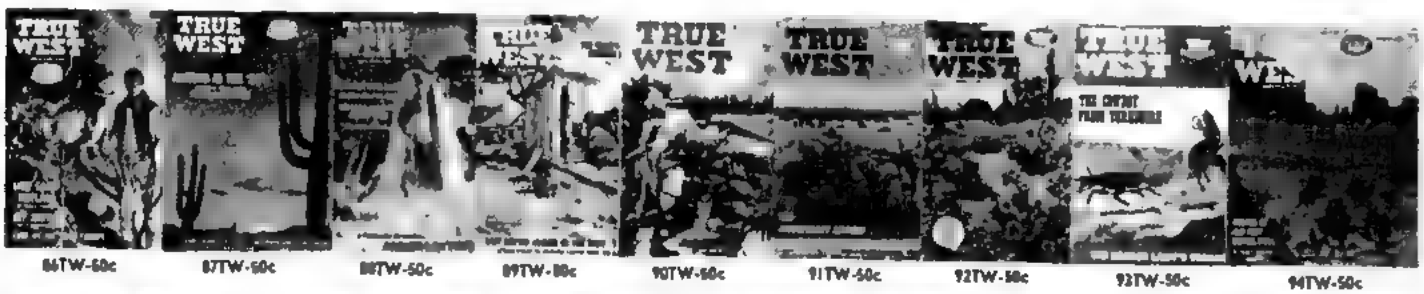

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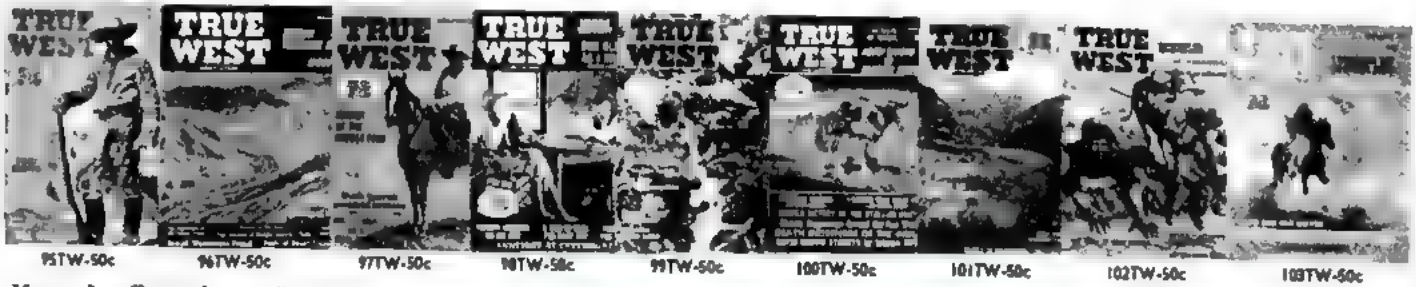

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walked inside and closed the door in our face, and we went back to work to finish up our job. About half an hour after, Dee called us out and says: 'Here's five cents, boys. We put the money there some time ago, and were going to buy something with it. Don't say anything about it, and the Lord will bless you.' We asked him how much was in the can. He said, 'Over seven thousand dollars'."

Both youths stated that the can containing the money was old and rusty, and almost ready to fall to pieces. It was buried in the earth under the debris and dirt in the henhouse, three or four inches below the surface. The ground around it was quite solid, as if it had not been disturbed for some time. The building in which the money was found had stood on the premises for more than forty years, and during that time had been in the possession and control of many owners and tenants. The boys' parents contended that the money rightfully belonged to the finders.

Ten years later, in 1904, the Oregon Supreme Court agreed, saying that the fact that the money was found on the premises of another, or that the boys were in their service at the time, can in no way affect their right to possession, and unless it appeared that the landowners were the owners of the money they must return it to the youths.

AN EXAMPLE illustrating that property need not be in the ground to come within the definition of treasure trove occurred in 1874 in Rhode Island when a man named Durfee bought an old safe, and soon afterwards left it with a Mr. Jones, a blacksmith, at the blacksmith's shop for sale for ten dollars, authorizing him to keep his books in it until it was sold. The safe was old fashioned, of sheet iron, about three feet square, having a few pigeon holes and a place for books, and in back of the place for books, a large crack in the lining.

Upon examination soon after it was left with him, Jones found secreted between the exterior and the lining a roll of bank bills amounting to $165. Neither party knew the money was there before it was found, and the true owner was unknown. Durfee brought suit against Jones to recover the money, claiming that as owner of the safe he was entitled to the money by right of prior possession. But the court held that the plaintiff "never had any possession of the money, except unwittingly, by having possession of the safe which contained it," and it was accordingly held that Jones, as finder of the money, was entitled to retain it as against Durfee, the owner of the safe, and as against all the world except the real owner.

IN a 1935 Georgia case, a man named Groover owned land on which Tippins and some friends discovered thirty-seven pounds of "gold dust and gold bullion" of the value of $15,540. Bullion is defined as uncoined gold or silver, in the shape of bars or ingots and the like. The finders had dug under a large rock 250 yards west of the dwelling house on Tippins' land, forty feet south of

the public road leading from Frogtown to Silver City, and 250 yards southeast of a large rock by the side of the public road containing various markings and circles.

In suing the finders, the landowner did not allege that he was the owner of the gold dust and bullion, but based his claim on the fact that he was the owner of the land on which the gold was found. It cannot be doubted that if the gold found had been ore in its natural state, the ownership of the land would have carried the ownership of the gold, and that another person finding such gold in its natural state would not gain any title as against the owner of the land.

The court ruled, "The authorities are practically unanimous that title to treasure trove belongs to finder as against all the world except the true owner, and as a general rule the title and right to possession of the finder is not affected by the ownership of the property in or upon which the thing is found."

IN 1876 in a paper mill near Delphi, Indiana, a sixteen-year-old girl, Ellen Quinn, was visiting a friend who worked there. She found two fifty-dollar bank bills on the premises and turned them over to the manager. He refused to return them. Ellen told the following story of her find to the court which heard her suit for the money:

"The old papers are received in bales which are placed upon the floor, cut open, and the contents taken out. I found the envelope containing the money three or four feet from where the girls were sorting the papers in the sorting room. There was no name or other mark upon the envelope. I threw the envelope back on the floor. There were papers scattered all over the floor when I found it. I don't think there was a space on the floor more than four inches square not covered with old papers."

Abner T. Bowen, the manager who had refused to return the money, then told his side of the controversy:

"The next morning I saw Ellen Quinn in the machine room. She said, 'What about the money?' I said, 'It is good money; who do you think this money belongs to?' She said she supposed it belonged to me, but thought she needed it more than I did. I then offered her ten dollars. She shrunk back and refused to take it, saying I ought to give her at least half of it. She repeated several times that she needed it worse than I did. I said that had nothing to do with it. She said she ought to have thrown it in the papers, and it would have been ground up, and I never would have received any benefit of it. If that money was found in a bale of papers, we had bought it and paid for it. We did not get it by accident. I think it was purchased with old paper."

It was claimed that the manager, in purchasing the envelope containing the bills by weight, purchased the money in question. But the money's existence was unknown when the paper was purchased, and its weight was so infinitesimally small, compared with its value, that the court refused to consider such a proposition. The court held that the finder, Ellen Quinn, was entitled to the money, and that the place of finding was ordinarily immaterial.

IT SEEMS almost certain then that the title to found property belongs to the finder as against all the world except the true owner and that ordinarily the place where it is found is immaterial. But such broad rules of law are not accepted everywhere, as the following cases illustrate:

Jack A. Schley, Sr. acquired a tract of land near Hamilton, Texas in June 1952 from a Mr. Adams. At the time he moved onto the premises a concrete floor covered only the front half of the garage; the remaining half was a dirt floor. Two weeks later, he employed a Mr. Tomlinson and a crew of workmen to put a concrete floor in the rear half of the garage. Schley's son was removing the soil from that portion of the garage floor which was being covered with concrete with a tractor and attached blade. Due to the construction of the tractor and the walls of the garage it was impossible to remove the soil adjacent to the rear wall with the tractor.

The foreman of the work crew directed one of the workmen, A. M. Couch, to take a pick and loosen up the hard-packed soil which the blade could not reach. While digging in this soil, Couch's pick struck a hard object. Under closer inspection he found $1,000 in currency buried in the ground. Included were two Hawaiian bills issued during World War II. All the bills were fresh, well preserved, and of the size of present currency. A glass jar top and some glass fragments were found nearby, evidencing that the money had been buried in a glass jar which had probably been broken by the workman's pick. The erection of the garage had been begun by Mr. Allen, a predecessor in title, who had sold the property in April or May of 1948, at which time the garage was in the process of being built but had not been completed.

Only one of the prior owners of the land stepped forward to claim the money, asserting that he had buried it in the garage. He had two trials before a jury, but both found his claim to be invalid and he dropped the matter. The workman, Couch, then sued the landowner, Schley, for the money. Neither party claimed to be the true owner of the money, but each claimed the right to possession of the money for the benefit of the true owner should he ever appear and establish his claim.

The court decreed that the money was mislaid property; that is, property which the owner intentionally placed where he could again resort to it, but then forgot about it. This seems a bit unrealistic when you consider the possibilities of anyone's forgetting a thousand dollars. One judge strongly dissented on just that point. The court further declared its intention not to recognize the treasure trove doctrine as the law in Texas because that doctrine is "inconsistent with the conditions and circumstances of our people."

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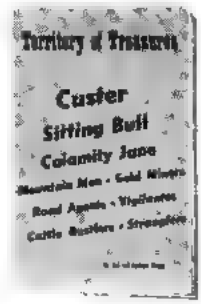

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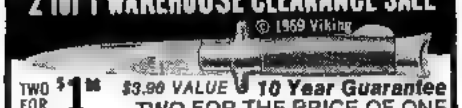

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The court decreed that found property should be governed by the rules of law applicable to lost and mislaid property. The finder acquires no rights to mislaid property, for the presumption is that possession of the article found is in the owner of the land. Accordingly, the court held that the right to possession of the money was in the owner of the premises where it was found.

A SOMEWHAT bizarre and unusual case drew to a close in Louisiana in 1957. The setting of this drama was the Lemmon Mattress Works in Hammond. Emily Baron, a local recluse, died in 1957 at the age of eighty-two. Emily Baron was one of three children of Lucian Sebastian Baron, a wealthy resident of south Louisiana. Mr. Baron had died in 1928. Up to the time of his death he was taken care of by Emily, his spinster daughter.

A short time after her father's death, Emily moved in with her brother in his family home near New Orleans. She bought a mattress and used it in her brother's home until 1932 when she and her brother's family moved to Covington, Lousiana. She took the mattress with her.

Emily built a separate house on her brother's acreage in Covington for her occupancy. It was thirty feet from the home in which her brother and his family lived. In addition to the usual locks on the doors of this house, Emily also had a special lock placed on the door of her bedroom, for it was in that bedroom that she kept the mattress. Emily seldom left her little house and she allowed no one to enter her bedroom except when she was present. She ordered her clothes by catalog and kept dormant bank accounts in several banks.

As the years went by, Emily gradually lost her sight until at the end she was totally blind. On her death she left no will. Her bedroom was searched and $26,000 in Government bonds and $2,000 in cash was found in scattered places around the room. No one looked in the mattress. In disposing of her property of little value, Emily's legal heirs sold her mattress for $2.50 to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Cleland. It was the Clelands who had the mattress picked up from the bedroom of Emily's old house and brought to the mattress works for renovation. They never saw their purchase.

At the mattress works, the mattress ticking was stripped off and the cotton contents processed through the chopping machine. Then the cotton was placed in the deodorizer box, where the cotton was subjected to an air blast. The air blast on this bundle of cotton blew $22,200 in gold certificates into the air.

John H. Lemmon, whose name the mattress works bears, refused to make a claim for the gold certificates. He said they did not belong to him and he did not want them. But both the Clelands, the purchasers of the mattress, and Emily's legal heirs did claim the gold certificates. The Clelands contended that when they purchased the mattress for $2.50, ownership of the $22,200 was transferred to them. When it appeared that this contention was obviously without merit, the Clelands argued that the gold certificates were in fact a treasure trove and that, since the treasure was found in their property, it belonged to them. The heirs of Emily Baron maintained that the certificates were merely lost chattels belonging to their Aunt Emily and that, as her heirs, they owned them.

The court felt that the preponderance of the evidence showed that in all probability it was Emily who opened the mattress covering sufficiently to insert the certificates inside and crudely sewed the opening up. Considering the circumstances and the carefully delineated eccentricities of this recluse, the court felt that the certificates did belong to Emily Baron and that her rightful heirs were entitled to them.

Another reason why the court refused to consider the claim of the Clelands (or that of Mr. Lemmon, had he desired to express one) is that Louisiana, like Texas, refuses to recognize the doctrine of treasure trove.

IN EFFECT, then, the law is clear that seven states have affirmatively declared their intention to recognize found property as treasure trove, if it appears to fit within the definition. Those seven states are Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Georgia, and Oregon. Two states, Louisiana and Texas, have affirmatively declared that they will not recognize the doctrine of treasure trove and will treat all found property as either lost, misplaced, or abandoned. The other states have not had sufficient opportunity to pass on the question. However, it could be expected that most would probably choose to follow the majority.

If found property does not come within the definition of treasure trove, it seems certain that in most instances the finder would be awarded the possession of lost or abandoned property. On the other hand, mislaid property would be awarded to the landowner.

White Collar Versus Black Ball

(Continued from page 54)

and Dexter Horton Bank was in the same building. One of the Hanson boys telephoned and said that the *Inland Flyer* was running beside our boat on our schedule at half fare on the Harper-Colby-Manchester run and the *Telegraph* was doing the same on a Bainbridge run. Later in the day, the cashier of the Dexter Horton Bank (this was M. W. Peterson, who had $5,000 invested in White Collar Line) came into my office and told me, 'Since I've got stock in KCT Co., I thought I better let you know that Black Ball has notified the bank that the loans on our boats had better be called—and they have suggested that they can allow enough for them to let the bank out of any loss. You know, Mr. Gazzam, what the situation is: Our indebtedness to the bank is pretty heavy while Black Ball has large cash deposits in the bank. I think they are going to want to talk to you about it'."

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"I'll not wait for them to call me; I'll go and see them," Gazzam replied.

Then Gazzam told me in our interview, "When I sat in the bank and repeated what Peterson had said, the bank officer I knew there looked at me steadily a while and said, 'Our dealings with you have always been satisfactory, but we do have the bank's money at risk and Black Ball indicates they can and will run you out of business. What do you wish to do about it?' "

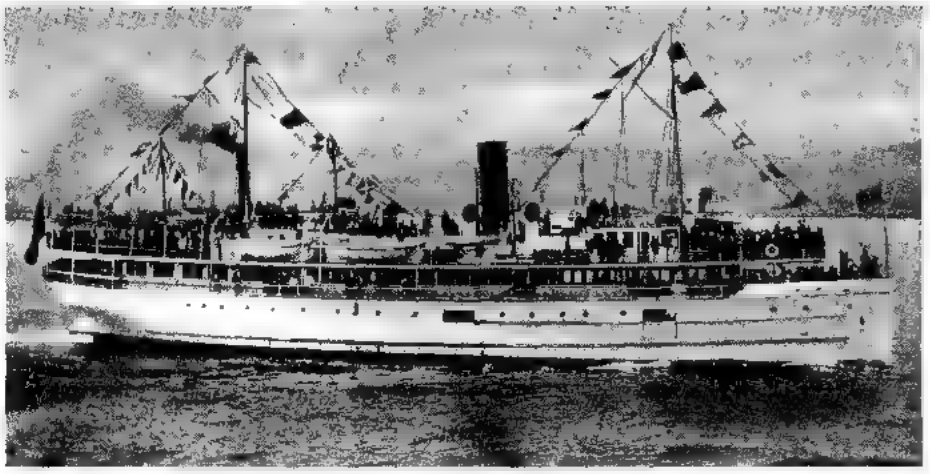
"It doesn't seem to be up to me," Gazzam answered. "You lent me the money in good faith. I built the boats on good faith and mutual confidence. It seems I must ask, 'What do *you* wish to do about it?' "

"Didn't you tell me once that you had plans for an even faster and a bigger boat?"

"Yes, I have," Gazzam confirmed. "Even the name, *Kitsap II*."

The bank officer smiled a bit grimly, "I've never liked being told how we should run our bank. I think you had better build the bigger boat and we will lend you the money. It looks like we have a fight on our hands." (What Mr. Gazzam told me here is confirmed by the fact that the *Kitsap II* was actually built in Portland. She used an engine out of a famous yacht, the *Sovereign*, which was shipped from the East.)

Gazzam continued, "As soon as I knew the bank would not squeeze me, I jerked the *Reliance* off the Colby-Harper-Manchester run and chartered the gasoline launch, *Donacella*, to carry the mail.

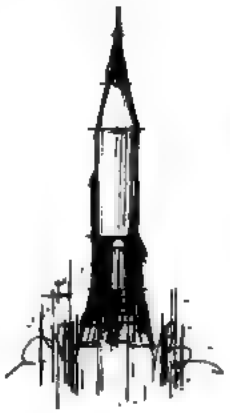


The steamer *Indianapolis* on the Seattle-Tacoma run.

Black Ball had cut the passenger fare in half but I cut it to five cents and sold thirty-day commuter tickets across Puget Sound at five cents a round trip. That fixed that run immediately because my mail contract more than covered the charter cost of running the *Donacella*, and Black Ball was losing money every day trying to run a steamer on a five-cent fare. The merchants on the run remained loyal and one evening freight trip on the high tide each week made us a profit.

"We put the speedy little *Kitsap* on Black Ball's Anacortes-Bellingham run and cut the fare in half. I told Ole Hanson [the *Kitsap's* engineer] to save the boat and run behind in the wake of the *Iroquois* through Deception Pass, then to pass her and arrive first in Anacortes and Bellingham.

"I put the *Hyak* in competition with Black Ball on the Port Townsend-Irondale run and reduced the fare. [Irondale was a temporary boom town built to make steel from iron ore brought as ballast in ships from Asia. A large mill was built and a high grade product produced, but in a few years the town died so completely that today there is not even the ghost of a decaying pile remaining. Nevertheless, Irondale furnished considerable business to feed the boat fight.]



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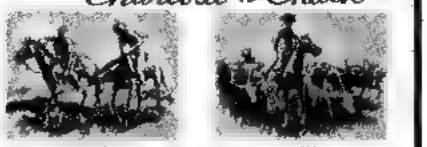

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"ALL THIS was done in just a couple of days," Gazzam continued, "then I really went to work on Black Ball." The old gentleman's eyes were merry as he recounted ensuing events. "I got on the train, went to Washington, D. C., and was sitting in the office of the first assistant postmaster when he arrived for work one morning. I told him the government was paying Black Ball too much to carry the mail on the steamer routes north of Seattle, that the affair might be turned into a political controversy, and that my boats could carry the mail for exactly half the contract price. The fourth assistant postmaster, who had charge of mail contracts on Puget Sound, was called in and I came out with a four-year contract on those routes with a guarantee of a half-day shorter delivery time to all points east and north of Bellingham on Olympic Peninsula mail.

"We ran the *Burton* as a shuttle boat and either put mail off at an intermediary dock to be picked up by the other boat or tossed the mail sacks from the *Burton's* deck to the *Kitsap*, hardly slowing down. Mail for the east and north from all North Olympic Peninsula points went straight across to Bellingham without going into Seattle at all. Although the fight was over in a matter of months, we honored the mail contract for the full four years.

"Then I went to San Francisco and arranged with my friend, Governor Rolph, to land the *Morning Star* at Irondale and pick up freight on her way in and out of Seattle through the San Juans and British Columbia." Gazzam smiled in telling me about this. "I didn't get anything out of it but it took business away from the competition and made it tougher for them, and I picked up a chunk of real estate at Irondale which I turned for a quick profit on the strength of the big new steel mill and the excellent boat service.

"Meanwhile I had talked the entire situation over with another friend, L. C. Gilman, who was a director of the Great Northern. Our passenger fare cuts were a small matter to the big railroad but we were taking business and they desired to see the competition ended. To all intents and purposes Great Northern was strictly neutral between White Collar and Black Ball. It was not generally known that Gilman and I were personal friends.

"The Dexter Horton Bank also wanted the fight ended and it was finally agreed that everything be ironed out by arbitration. Black Ball was to appoint one arbiter; I was to appoint one; and the third, to be appointed by the bank, had to be satisfactory to both sides. The three men chosen were J. T. Hefferman, Norval Latimer, and L. C. Gilman. I had known that two of them favored our side before accepting.

"The decision required that each company immediately withdraw from the other's boat runs, mail contracts were to remain as they existed, and Black Ball was to pay a specified sum of money to White Collar in damages.

"The amount of money to be paid us has never been disclosed. Although Black Ball had agreed to abide by the decision of the arbiters, they strongly objected to admitting that they were wrong by paying us money. To save the situation, I requested a personal interview and agreed that if Black Ball would allow us to cancel our long term contract to land our boats at the Colman Dock, we would arrange less expensive and more convenient docking arrangements immediately in lieu of a cash settlement from them. This was agreed to and the White Collar Boats moved to Pier #3, Galbraith-Bacon and Co."

This ended the White Collar-Black Ball boat fight as told to me by Mr. Gazzam. But all wars and fights are controversial and if there are those who differ in any of these matters, they have that privilege. There was one interesting aftermath, however.

On the foggy evening of October 14, 1910 the trim little White Collar steamer *Kitsap*, which had done so much to win the fight for Gazzam, was struck in Seattle Harbor by the much larger Black Ball ship, *Indianapolis*. The *Kitsap* sank in twenty minutes. I was a kid selling newspapers that night at Pine and Westlake in Seattle and I remember how desolate I felt as I cried out, "Seattle *Times* or *Star*—Evening Newspapers—Steamer *Kitsap* sunk in Seattle Harbor!"

Gazzam recalled it fifty years later when he gave me the interview. "Mrs.

W. L. Gazzam's family home, built at Crystal Springs on the west side of Bainbridge Island in 1903.

Gazzam met me at the dock when I stepped off the *Reliance*. She was crying. I asked her if someone had been lost and when she said, 'No,' we just walked up to the house together. It was a relief to know that although the *Kitsap* had run down a launch with one death earlier that same evening, none of our passengers or crew had been lost.

"My insurance company came in promptly and wanted to write me a check for the boat but I told them, 'No, you shouldn't pay for her; I have the reports from my crew. The *Indianapolis* was at full speed, operating illegally in the fog. She was careless, taking a needless chance, and it is her insurance company that should pay her liability to us.'

" 'How are you going to prove that? They certainly aren't going to admit they were careless'."

"We'll raise the *Kitsap*," Gazzam replied. "The size and position of the hole in her hull will be all the proof we need. That is the only way I will settle."

It is a fact that the *Kitsap* did come up from her 300-foot grave in Seattle Harbor, and Mr. Gazzam told me with the satisfaction he always seemed to feel in a moral victory, "The insurance claim was settled to my satisfaction." The *Kitsap* continued her career on Puget Sound under the new name *Bremerton*.

Some strange things were indeed done in the good old steamboat days. I myself as a senior in high school was a passenger one foggy morning on the White Collar Line motorship *Suquamish*. She was the first and only full diesel passenger boat ever to ply the waters of Puget Sound. The old stern-wheeler, the *Tourist*, ten times her size and power, was fog-whistling somewhere out there in the never-never land of whiteness. We were proceeding so cautiously, blasting a fog whistle constantly, that we finally lay dead and unmoving in the water, prow headed toward Seattle. As I stood on deck I saw the *Tourist* come at us out of the fog like a mountain falling. She was visible only a second before she hit us. I heard no jingle of bells to reverse her engines. There was no slowing of speed. She hit and ran, vanishing in the fog like a ghost that had never been there. There was a hole in the *Suquamish* large enough to have sunk her in minutes, but the *Tourist* and she had hit bow-to-bow and only the big boat's guard rail raked the lighter vessel and shoved her aside. The gash in the hull was above the water line and she went on in to Seattle at half speed.

We heard that the skipper of the *Tourist* suffered a suspended license for several months for not stopping to investigate and for proceeding at unjustifiable speed when another boat was sounding fog whistles in the immediate vicinity.

Incidentally, not long ago I traveled from Bremerton to Seattle on the new Washington State Ferry System ferry, *Hyak*, perhaps as fine an automobile ferry as has ever been built. Her schedule takes her from Bremerton to Seattle in fifty minutes. Pretty fast?

That day, when I talked to Mr. Gazzam, he said, "When the *Kitsap II* came up from Portland in 1916, her running time from Bremerton to Seattle was forty-three minutes." That was a half-century ago!

Granby Idol

(Continued from page 14)

tooed people were more courteous. But they lived much the same as their neighbors; they too bartered with ivory, jade, amethysts, garnets and shell (The Aleutian Islands?). If indeed, the Buddhists' route was along the Kurile Islands, the Oyashio Current would have taken them into cold waters off Kamchatka Peninsula, the Aleutians, and to the land they found 22,000 li southeast.

Here they discovered the beautiful land of Fu Sang, named for the great abundance of Fu Sang trees. Their fibers were used in the making of cloth, and when the young trees burst forth from the earth, their tender shoots provided food. Hwui Shan's Fu Sang tree of miracles was corn—while the Fu tree described in the *Shan Hai Jing* classic is considered to be the desert saguaro.

In peace-loving Fu Sang the people were ruled by a king. Their curious religion dictated a color change in the King's clothing every two years over a ten-year cycle. Under King Ichi's reign the people of Fu Sang must have led the ideal life. War was unknown to them. No army, weapon or fortification could be seen in the land.

Hwui Shan, the one surviving priest, returned to China after a journey lasting forty-one years. Presents from Fu Sang were taken back as proof of his fantastic adventure 1,500 years ago—300 pounds of cloth woven from the Fu Sang trees, and an obsidian disc through which the sun could be observed, the latter smacking of Aztec or Mayan cultures.

Hwui Shan's story was first recorded by Yu Kie, the imperial historiographer, but Chinese scholars have since rewritten the report into voluminous tomes, familiar throughout the Asian World today.

CONTACT between the ancient worlds of China and the Americas would have been relatively simple for anyone learning the routes used by bartering northern tribes. Nearing the coast of North America a Chinese vessel could have slipped into the Kurshio Current (Japanese Current) or the California Current, either one within easy reach of North America, Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Equador and Peru. At this point, currents along and below the equator would have taken them westward across the Pacific and home.

In Mexico today, stories still immortalize Wishi Pecocha and his successful teachings among the people. They can even tell you where he landed on the Pacific Coast and why, after so many happy years among them, he alone returned to Asia. And from these stories comes the explanation, perhaps, why he returned without his fellow monks. If they became separated from Hwui Shan, as legend decrees, were these four priests carrying their doctrines to all parts of Fu Sang? Four men, in their four life-

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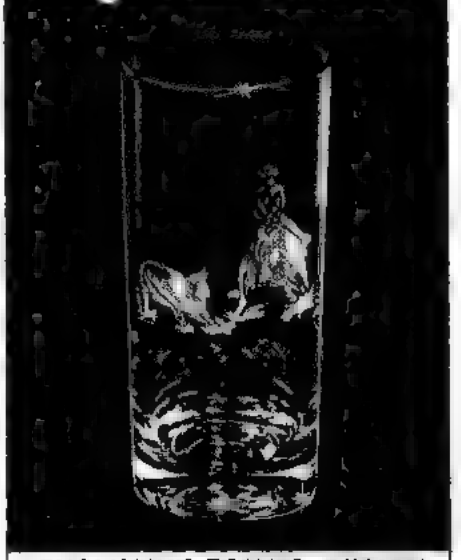

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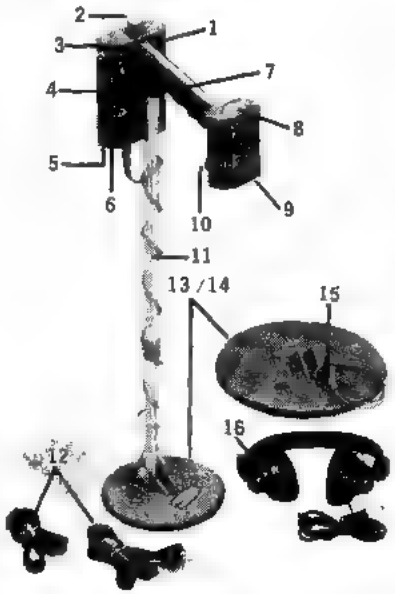

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times, could have greatly influenced many converts in their crusade.

During the earlier explorations, it is not unthinkable to suspect they penetrated the first watery invitation offered them along the north Pacific Coast. The Columbia River would have allowed them to strike deep into the Rocky Mountain country.

In Southern California, the late Buck Rains of Lake Isabella spent many years of his life combing the Mojave Desert-Kern River region in his tireless investigation of what he believed to be an ancient city under Oriental influence. Only crumbled walls remain. Eroded petroglyphs left by the city's ancient builders are said to be 2,000 years old. Intermixed are symbols left by Indians who later occupied this part of Kern Valley.

Buck was a willing guide and teacher. He directed guests from the Kern-Antelope Historical Society, University professors and their students, news reporters and friends.

Located near Weldone, on the South Fork of the Kern River, the walled city is thought by some anthropologists to have housed a half-million people—people with a knowledge of Chinese. Nearby, what are said to be "Chinese cup-carvings" cover the surface of a large granite boulder. Round, cup-shaped indentations look as if a scoop-wielding child had been turned loose on a mountain of ice cream.

On a steep hillside, now hidden by brush and trees, is what Buck called the "key" to his ancient village. It is a petroglyph deeply cut into a granite wall. Inside a sixteen-inch circle is a perfect equilateral triangle—with the center of both precisely marked by a dot ground even deeper into the granite. It is the only symbol of its kind found in California.

Below Kern River's Isabella Dam, tremendous boulders worn smooth by river water give tacit testimony of a strange language carved by an ancient hand, a hand said by some to be Chinese or Phoenician.

There will be those who *never* concede to early exploration or colonization of the Americas by anyone *other* than the 11th century Vikings, or 16th century *Conquistadores*—and for a very good reason. These two expeditions were well documented in their respective countries; and in this country evidence of their visits remain as proof.

Can't this same thesis be accepted from the historical documents of Ancient China? Or by the words written on the much acclaimed 15th century Yale Map, "The Tartars affirm beyond doubt that a new land is situated on the outermost parts of the world."

The reason for such long voyages? It comes to mind that all known and *accepted* Viking and Spanish expeditions sailed under the guise of Christianity. Perhaps outside of Christianity, no other religion stressed "love" so much as did Guatama who later became known as Buddha! Chinese scholars traveled extensively throughout the known world, and by 25 A.D., Buddhism had been brought to China from India. Buddha's disciples carried his teachings throughout Asia. Perhaps Hwui Shan, with his four brother-monks, decided to take on the world.

One small idol doesn't prove the Shan Hai Jing explorers ever saw the Rockies, nor does the Buck Rains city prove the Chinese ever colonized or even saw California's Mojave Desert. The Great Wall of Peru—its length, height, width, watchtowers and design—doesn't necessarily prove influence from China's Great Wall. But what of Hwui Shan's Fu Sang cloth and his obsidian mirror? And isn't it odd that the Mayan alphabet is patterned after the hieroglyphic systems such as Chinese and Egyptian?

Haven't we been taught that the Chinese were first to invent the art of making paper, and the first to recognize its value for keeping records on what became known as "books"? So doesn't it seem strange that during the precise era when Buddhist monks were exploring and teaching, the Mayas were learning to make paper and books—using these new crafts to record their useful and scholarly gains in chronology, astronomy and religion? If nothing else, the Granby Idol should prove to us what the obsidian mirror and the yellow cloth from Fu Sang proved to the Emperor of China. They *were* here!

Not all the questions have been answered. Not yet. When they are, the idol can still grin over the fact that while his might have been among the *first* foreign faces to reach the Rockies, he is the *last* one around to tell about it.

The Discovery of Lone Tree Pass

(Continued from page 45)

alrymen and Pawnee scouts out of Fort Laramie. They crossed the Chugwater River a couple of days later and skirted the mountains. On the night of the 21st they camped near Bear Creek and were struck by a devastating hailstorm which roared down out of the mountains. The cavalry horses broke their hobbles and scattered; the soldiers' tents blew in every direction; the whole party was soaked to the skin.

"Them was Indians," Leon Pallady, the Indian guide, told the general. "They stampeded our horses—the storm finished the job." The Pawnee scouts agreed.

Next morning the soldiers rounded up the horses and were soon on their way. But General Dodge was a little wary. He didn't particularly want an Indian battle at this time. He wanted to find a pass for the railroad.

When they reached Lodge Pole Creek, the general made a decision. He ordered the train to proceed to Crow Creek on the St. Vrain-Fort Laramie Trail at the base of the mountains. Then, accompanied by Pallady and a dozen picked cavalrymen, Dodge started the long ascent of Cheyenne Pass toward the summit of the Black Hills. Today these heights are known as the Laramie Mountains.

From time to time the general stopped and with his powerful glasses scanned the rough slopes, looking, looking, look-

ing for a break where the railroad could get through without too much trouble. He needed a grade of less than ninety feet to the mile since no locomotive of that day could climb a steeper one and pull a freight train behind it.

For several hours Dodge and his men crept along the ridge until Pallady finally reined in his horse and pointed down the eastern slope saying, "There's Indians down there—Crows—lots of 'em!"

Dodge lifted his glasses and looked. To his dismay he saw a large band of Crows had worked in between him and his train down on the trail.

"How many?" he asked.

"'Bout 300," Pallady answered.

"Do they see us?"

"They've likely followed us all day. Probably aim to close in toward evening."

Dodge knew the Crows were on the warpath. He dismounted his men, told them to lead the horses to the west side of the ridge, and move slowly down the summit. He had arranged signals with the troops below, so he ordered a fire lit; but the distant party toiled on along the base of the mountains, unaware that the scouting party was in danger.

Soon the Indians started skirmishing. Dodge was pleased to note that the soldiers' rifle bullets carried farther than did those from the Crows' rifles. Then the Indians began narrowing the semicircle they had formed, creeping from rock to rock. The general saw a band of about fifty warriors start to scale the mountain with the obvious intention of cutting off the party's retreat either north or south. Pallady tumbled a venturesome Indian with a well-directed shot and two others had horses shot from beneath them. Now the Indians became more cautious and their aim more accurate.

As the shadows lengthened down the slope, Dodge began to worry. He selected a strong position, built another fire, and waited. Closer and closer crept the Indians and the slap of their bullets sounded against the granite rocks where the soldiers crouched.

Suddenly Pallady cried out, "Our men—the cavalry!" as he pointed toward a ravine that lay below them. Dodge's troops had finally seen his signal fire and were hurrying up the mountainside. All at once the Crows ceased firing and melted away in the growing twilight down a nearby draw. A few minutes later Dodge and his little group were surrounded by cavalrymen.

"Boys," Dodge said as he gazed down a slope where the Indians had disappeared, "I think we've discovered a pass through which we can build the Union Pacific."

"Where? Where?" The soldiers crowded around him excitedly.

"Down that way—the way the Indians retreated." Dodge pointed down a slope that lowered gently to the plain. "That drop to the creek bed, I'm willing to bet, has a grade of less than ninety feet to the mile. Come on, let's get going." Down the slope he plunged, his troops following.

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Dodge exclaimed as they reined in their horses, "just a slight depression." Crossing this depression, the escort followed a gradual descent to the plain and to their camp.

The grade and pass thus discovered did not exceed ninety feet to the mile. With a lone pine tree, the general marked the place and over this ridge the Union Pacific was finally built.

Later General Dodge named it Sherman Pass in honor of his commanding officer, General W. T. Sherman, of the Union Army. At a later date the name was changed to Sherman Hill.

It's still a tough climb up and over that challenging ridge. During the next three-quarters of a century after its discovery, the wild and gloomy rock formations of Sherman Hill echoed and re-echoed to the whistle blasts, the muffled throb and the thundering exhausts of the locomotives as they made their way up the miles-long grade, valves popping and wisps of steam condensing in the cold Wyoming air. These were the days of the high-wheeled Pacifics, the powerful Consolidations, the tall-stacked Moguls, the Mallets and the mighty Big Boys fighting up Sherman Hill over the heavy ballasted track trailing a rolling cloud of black smoke.

Today's diesel monsters still find Sherman Hill a challenge as they work at top speed breasting the iron and heading toward the setting sun. All of them pay tribute to General Grenville M. Dodge and his small band of soldiers who were willing to risk their lives so that a transcontinental railroad could be built.

La Reine des Mers

(Continued from page 10)

the loads hoisted to and from the working divers.

The law was the law, and the government was the government. There was a channel to be dug and only one possible end. A hurry up call to Camp Bullis, Texas, and three tons of high percentage demolition gelatin were sent with experienced men to handle it. By the time of their arrival the divers had cleared the wreck almost to the solid keel, and she had been fully explored. Tons of anchors and chains had been hauled up, not even crusted with either barnacles or coral deposit. Everything of interest except the precious liquid treasure was hauled up.

It took the divers a couple of days to gingerly place the charges along the bottom in the keel area, for the ship was level on the bottom, having righted as she filled in the storm. The demolition engineers carefully calculated the position of the charges, for they wanted a minimum of residue left for the dredge to handle. The multiple skills of the career divers came into play. They set the charges into place, and brought the wires up to the floats where the demolition engineers could pick up the ends. Final inspections were made below with a squeamish feeling about all of the powerful stuff in one area. Then they gave a last going over of the *Reine* in the murk, and gave the tugs on the line to come up. Some must have felt a wistful longing for all that bottled French sunshine.

THE GREATEST pressure of the tide out of the pass would occur slightly after the high noon. It would carry anything floatable far out to sea on one big current—the width of the pass with the entire weight of almost half of the hundred miles of bay (Laguna Madre) behind it. Just before eleven the engine room bell rang and the *Absecon* slowly gathered way to get sea room, paying out the wires with a small boat staying behind. Over half a mile away the *Absecon* hove to, running out one of her big kedge anchors. The gray launch over the wreck ran up flags; the last connections and wire were checked for continuity; the flags were changed as the launch roared away into the bay, around the south corner of Padre Island. She passed the old lighthouse standing on stilts just inside the pass and came about from the last salute to the *Reine*.

On the *Absecon* and the launch, people were shaky and their faces were long. The Coast Guard station and both vessels broke out the international code flags for danger, and every rail was lined. The head demolition engineer took his station and closed the last safety switch in the line, and at a quarter past noon he shoved down the detonator.

It took several seconds for anything to be visible. Was it a dud? There was the sound of a sharp knock on the *Absecon's* keel, hardly more than a metallic click. Almost an acre of water began to mound up a number of feet and a big white geyser went out the top—up, up, up, 150, 200, nearly 300 feet by the captain's sextant. There were flecks and splinters that looked like toothpicks scattered as the geyser rose. And everybody knew that the treasure went with it. Then the whole sea heaved around the *Absecon*. The *Reine* might have been launched with the traditional bottle of champagne, but she went out well baptized. Those thousands of bottles were now just fragments, and the treasure of the *Reine* was gone. A half hour later as the *Absecon* began to wind in the remnants of the wires, the fragrance of La Belle France rolled by on the tide.

New Mexico's Most Ruthless Murder

(Continued from page 11)

Nelson, who had come to Bonito City from Nebraska about four years earlier. Nelson was a common laborer but was generally regarded as industrious and a good citizen.

About 3 a.m. on May 5, 1885, the physician was awakened by the sound of his roommate going through his pockets. As Dr. Flynn sprang out of his bed the thief beat him over the head with the butt of his revolver and then shot him through the heart. The gunfire brought the entire Mayberry family rushing to the scene. Nelson promptly shot and killed Mr. Mayberry and his two sons, aged nineteen and thirteen. Mrs. Mayberry, who was pregnant, was shot twice, but retained consciousness and tried to

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slip down the stairs, taking with her her fourteen-year-old daughter, Nellie.

Mrs. Mayberry managed to get out the front door, but Nelson followed and shot her again, the ball also wounding Nellie in the side. The young girl fled to the cellar of an adjacent house, with Nelson in hot pursuit. He overtook her, threw down his gun to kill her, and remarked, "I might as well send you to hell with the balance of 'em." When the girl pleaded for her life, he said, "Your father, mother and brothers are dead; would you not rather die and join them in heaven?" The murderer finally agreed to spare her life on her promise that she would come to see him hang!

MEANWHILE a neighbor, Herman Consbruch, had gone to Mrs. Mayberry's assistance. As he lifted her up, she gasped, "Oh, he killed us all."

In answer to his question, "Who?" she responded, "Nelson," and died.

Nelson fired at Consbruch, but missed. His target fled back to his store. Looking out of the door he saw Nelson come out of the house and kick Mrs. Mayberry's body into a ditch.

The shooting had also been heard by a local dancehall owner, Peter Nelson, also a Swede but no relation to Martin. Peter dressed hastily, seized his gun, and ran to the Mayberry house. As he approached, Martin called out, "You want one?" and shot him through the heart.

By now the whole village had become alarmed. Assuming the killer was still in the house, the citizens surrounded the place and posted a guard. Nelson, however, had already slipped away in search of his horse and more ammunition. About five in the morning he appeared at the Rademacher home and demanded breakfast. Rademacher had gone down to the village. Mrs. Rademacher was terrified, but Nelson assured her that he would not harm her if she fed him. After eating he told his hostess that he had killed the whole Mayberry family and was going back to the house to get two or three more.

About 7 a.m. he crossed a piece of high ground between Rademacher's house and the village. As he started down the hill he saw Herman Beck, one of the citizens guarding the Mayberry home, standing with his back to him. Firing from a distance of about 250 yards, Nelson shot Beck in the back, killing him almost instantly. He then ran for the house, firing his rifle and warning the guards to "hunt their holes," "go to the brush," etc. As he reached a corner of the building he saw Charles Berry taking a bead on him. Nelson stopped and took aim at Berry but before he could fire, three of the guards shot him. The slugs knocked Nelson down and as he tried to regain his feet another struck him. Any one of the four would have been fatal.

The Mayberrys, Peter Nelson, and Herman Beck were buried in nicely trimmed coffins on a nearby hillside. Martin Nelson's corpse was unceremoniously dumped into a box and buried at the foot of the hill. Dr. Flynn's father arranged for an undertaker to come down from Santa Fe to embalm his son's body and ship it back to Boston. The body was kept on ice until the undertaker's arrival. The mortician placed the body on a stage and transported it to Carthage, fourteen miles distant. Due to torrential rains they arrived six minutes after the train had departed. The body was then placed on a hand-car and pumped through the rain to San Antonio, another eight miles.

Mrs. Rademacher nursed Nellie until an uncle came and took her to his home in Iowa. There is some evidence that the ladies of the village believed the real cause of the trouble was Mayberry's objecting to Nelson's attentions to his daughter.

The site of the tragedy, and of the village itself, is now underneath water. In 1930 the Southern Pacific Railroad tore down all the houses and built a dam which flooded the whole valley. Nothing is left to mark the spot in which eight people were killed and another wounded in the space of four hours. If this is not a record, it is at least a highly respectable total.

Montana Was Not for Farmers

(Continued from page 19)

He took a train to Chicago, and traveled the rest of the way on horseback. Twenty-two years old, red-haired, freckled, lean, and six feet tall, he presented a romantic picture to a young woman he met back home. Before the year was out, he and Florence Myers had married, and Harley gave up any idea of returning to the West.

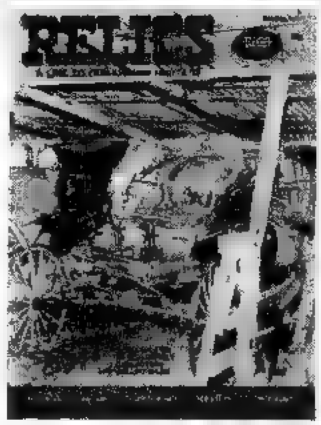
Several years later his doctor advised him to go to a drier climate. Chester was then living eight miles east of Terry, Montana in what is now Prairie County. So it was that the Harley Eltons became homesteaders, taking up 160 acres adjoining Chester Elton's ranch.

The couple and their two children traveled by train to Terry where Chester met them with his buckboard. They stayed at his ranch until their own home was built, a tar paper shack of one room. Part of it was kitchen, part bedroom. Luxuries were left out.

In 1910 their neighbors were of many

Harry Elton and a coyote killed in 1913.

Bridle Bits



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nationalities—Swedes, Irish, Russian and German. My grandmother complained that she couldn't understand what anyone was saying!

During their first weeks, while they were awaiting payments for their property sold in the East, money was very scarce. Finally they were down to their last five dollars. When Harley Elton went to town for groceries that day he was hoping he could get the storekeeper to give him credit for a week. But when he returned to the homestead, to my grandmother's surprise, he came in with a much bigger box of groceries than they usually bought. Just as she opened her mouth to object to the debt he was making for them, he told her his good luck. He'd met a rancher in town who'd hired him for $40 a month plus a grubstake! From then on, they made their way. They farmed, raised pigs, cows, and chickens, and worked for nearby ranchers.

GRANDMOTHER, during her frequent bouts with homesickness, thought the vast prairie was a God-forsaken place. Left alone, often for a week at a time, she filled the days with tending children and chickens, doing the housework, gardening, and keeping a diary. In 1912 she bore her third child without a doctor or midwife. Neighbor women stopped in for a few days to help with the work.

Once, alone at home with the children, she discovered a huge bull snake had crawled into the house. The children were taking a nap on the big bed, and she was terrified. She jumped on the bed with the children. She used some of the children's toys to throw at the snake, but he only dodged and kept coming in their direction. At last an empty cigar box connected with the snake's head, and he retreated out of the house the same way he'd come in.

But the snakes weren't always the ones who retired from combat. They were plentiful, and they seemed to think very little of the homesteaders. On her way to the garden to get some tomatoes one day, my grandmother saw a rattler on the path. She was alone at home, so she ran back to the house for a seven shot revolver that they kept. The snake was still there when she got back. But the revolver had a powerful recoil, and she had never fired it before. Every time she fired, the gun jumped and she overshot the snake. After failing with the seventh shot, she was the one who retreated. She also fought a running battle with wild creatures who fancied her chickens. In her diary she relates how she once scared off a coyote that had caught one of her hens.

Though she had few opportunities to ride, she enjoyed horses and occasionally would get a chance to ride after the cows. It was a chore she enjoyed, but sometimes it meant a long ride. Once she recorded in her diary, "Couldn't find the cows this evening."

But there was beauty in the West, and wonder, too, which she was able to find when she got to know it better. She and the children would lie under the wide Montana sky, and imagine that the clouds were animals or faces or distant cities. The few mirages she saw while there were a great marvel to her, and finally the vast emptiness of the country became merely necessary breathing space.

There were not many amusements; perhaps there'd be a dance at the schoolhouse five miles away, or Sunday dinner with neighbors. Terry had only one church, a Roman Catholic one. Since my grandparents were Protestants, they didn't attend church a single time in the four years they homesteaded, though in the East they'd been active churchgoers.

People were friendly though, and worked together like one big family. Once when my grandmother's youngest was sick, and getting no better, a neighbor woman walked with her children within sight of the house. She was carrying a rifle for protection, as was customary. She sent the children on to the house to ask if Grandmother could spare some medicine for her own sick child, suffering from the same complaint. Seeing that there was only enough left for two small doses, my grandmother decided to let the neighbors have half. She accompanied the neighbor children to the waiting mother, then returned to the house, carrying her own rifle. Both children were very sick and very young, but they recovered.

One time a man who'd often worked with Grandfather was to go to a rodeo with him and several other neighbors. A few days before the rodeo was to be held, there was lightning but no storm on the Elton place. Later that day Grandfather's friend was found, still sitting in his wagon, but dead. The crown of his hat was burned where lightning had struck him, run down the reins in his hands, and killed the horses also. The men gave up the trip to the rodeo, for they had lost interest in it. Life wasn't as cheap to them as it is to the writers of some Western movies!

Though the unusual experiences they had in those early days were numerous, perhaps the most exciting thing which happened to Harley Elton was when he stopped at a nearby ranch one day to borrow some hog ringers. Everyone had gone to town for a weekend spree, except for one boy who'd been left to "mind the store." When my grandfather knocked on the bunkhouse door, he heard a groan from inside. Finding the door unlocked, grandfather walked right into trouble!

The boy lay across a bed; a rifle was on the floor; and blood was fast forming into a virtual pool. Before Grandfather had time to think, he picked up the rifle and took out the empty shell. "Did you shoot yourself?" he asked the boy, but didn't get an answer. Then he asked if the boy wanted a doctor; he was answered with moans. Still numb with surprise, Grandfather galloped his horse to the nearest ranch, where his nephew worked. He got his nephew to ride for a doctor while he persuaded the rancher to return with him to the wounded boy. By this time, Grandfather was beginning to worry that if the boy died before he told what happened, he himself might be suspected of the shooting.

Luckily, the boy was still alive when Grandfather and the rancher got to him. They stayed at his side until the doctor arrived. He had brought along a nurse. While this doctor, whose name was Jones, was examining the patient, he discovered a note the boy had written, saying he was going to shoot himself because he was so lonely and had no money to go home. "You're in the clear," the doctor told my grandfather. "It's a good thing, too. This boy won't live till morning."

But the boy did live, though he was ill for a long time. Eventually, he was able to go back home to the people he had missed so much.

In 1914 the Harley Eltons decided to return to Ohio. Montana was not a country for farmers. My grandfather's health was much improved, and my grandmother hankered for civilization, her parents, and a closer school for the children.

Montana, however, was not easy to forget. Their memories of homesteading were relived many times.

The Elton children practicing "cowboying."

A Rockin' Good Time

(Continued from page 43)

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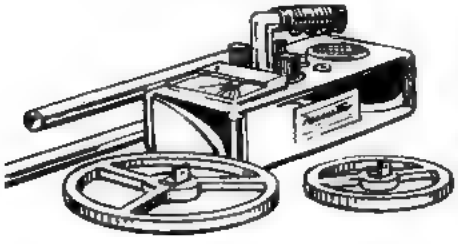

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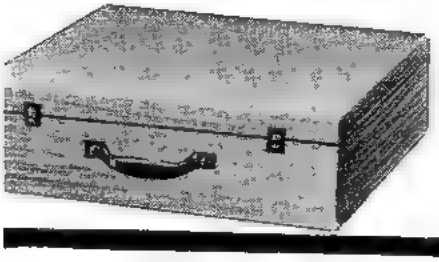

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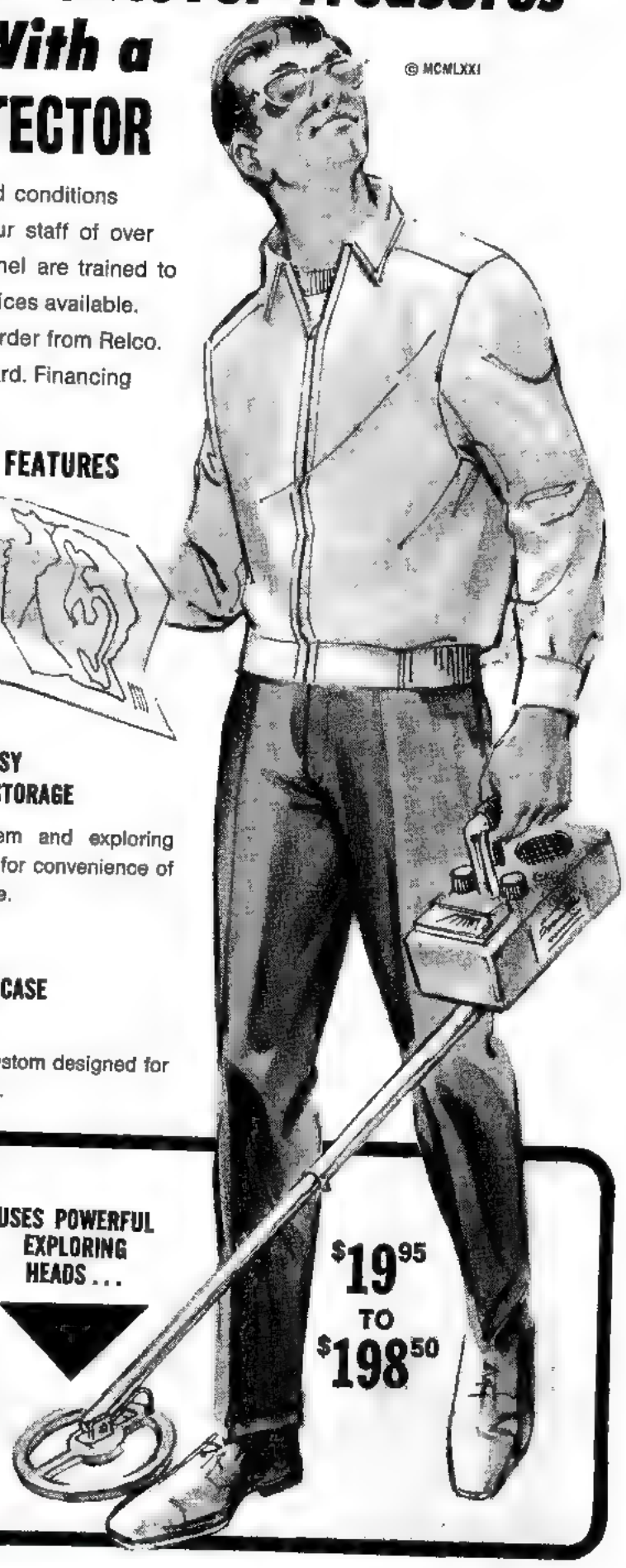

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panning out the rewards. It's something a youngster never forgets, finding his own honest to goodness gold!

The wire mesh screen used in the lift-out box on the rocker is 3/8 diamond mesh, and can be purchased at any welding shop. Just under it is the drop board (which is also removable) on which I've tacked a covering length of medium nap corduroy. You can also use burlap if corduroy is not available.

After a day's rocking, let the corduroy dry thoroughly and then brush it clean with a toothbrush. You'll be surprised to find quite an accumulation of fine flour gold that has collected there. In the old days, miners used to even burn the burlap covering on their rockers when they wore out and pan the ashes for color caught and held there. These boys didn't miss much.

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Tales of the Dirt Tramps

(Continued from page 23)

few of the tramps were allowed to stay with the "Old Man." The vast majority were cut off from their mobile vocation.

But the final blow came when road designers began to bring dirt-moving machinery out on the jobs. These could move more dirt in an hour than a whole team of mules could move in a day. It marked the end of the day of the dirt tramp. The chief regret is that, in literature, he failed to leave his drill rod in the dirt to show which way he went.

"Death" on the Desert

(Continued from page 15)

daughters. The father had read stories of travelers on the desert dying of thirst and he seemed dazed by the prospect of crossing that waterless expanse. It was dusk when he left the ranch, as he planned to cross the desert during the cool of night. When he asked directions about the road Dan Orr told him to drive out the ranch gate, turn to the left along the fence and keep on going.

The road across the Goodyear Cutoff was practically one-way, just a pair of deep ruts in the salty mud. Passing another car was very difficult. After the family left, the Orr brothers went to their cabin, fixed supper, and then started playing cards. Along about ten o'clock a car came in from the other side of the desert and stopped at the ranch. Dan asked the driver if he had passed a car going west on the cutoff. The man said he had passed no one on the road. That puzzled Dan, who knew the west-bound car should have passed the east-bound traveler about midway of the thirty-mile flat.

"What do you suppose happened to that family?" he asked his brother Hamilton. "They couldn't just disappear into thin air."

"I guess we'd better see if we can find out," Will replied. "Get a lantern and we'll try to follow them."

Three brothers started out following the tracks of the touring family. Just at the corner of the ranch fence was a dim side road the Orrs used to haul wood from Cedar Mountain, but instead of following the plainly marked highway, the father had turned off on this dim wood road and followed it to the mountain where it played out entirely. He then got out of the car and started walking through the sagebrush until he was about a mile from the car, where he lay down on the sand. It took Dan some time to find him. When he did locate the man he asked him what he was doing there among the sagebrush.

"I'm dying of thirst on the desert! I'm dying of thirst on the desert!" he kept repeating.

"You damn fool," Dan shouted, "get on your feet and get back to the car. You're not dying of thirst, you haven't been gone from the ranch long enough. And, besides, you can still see the lights of the ranch from here. Why don't you turn back and get yourself straightened out? Now get on your feet and let's go back and find your wife and kids."

He finally got the confused man on his feet and they went back to the car. The wife and girls were missing. The Orrs shouted and finally the mother returned, exhibiting a little more sense than her husband.

"Where are the girls?" Dan asked.

"I don't know," the woman replied. "They walked off into the sagebrush and I lost track of them."

So the three brothers took the lantern and started looking, shouting to the missing girls to come back to the car. The shouts were never answered. When they were finally discovered after an hour's search, Dan asked why they had not answered when he called.

"We thought you were an Indian," they said, "so we stayed hidden."

When the family was finally assembled they drove back to the ranch and stayed until morning. Then the Orrs once more started them off on the right road across the Goodyear Cutoff.

Highway under construction in Colorado County, Texas in 1936.

Skull Valley, showing the Orr's ranch under the trees at right, and the type of vegetation where the tourist lay down "to die of thirst on the desert."

"That was the damndest experience we ever had out here," Dan told me. "We've had a lot of queer ones since the road came through, but that man had read tales of people dying of thirst on the desert and he fully intended to do just that. He felt foolish the next morning when he realized how silly he had been and apologized for the trouble he had caused us. 'Dying of thirst on the desert!' Hell, he could have lived several days without water if he hadn't found his way back to the ranch. But he was scared, plumb scared to death."

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

around, each time in a different suit. He kept this up until sundown and he thought it was late for the raid.

The other town folks were sure they had been right in going home because there had been no attack. The owner of the store said nothing, but three days later the Indian scout returned and told them the Indians said the reason they didn't attack the town was because there were so many men in that store on the west side of the square!

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 31)

Revolutionary soldiers roster. I would appreciate any and all information on this family and would be happy to share any of the information that I have with anyone else also interested.

George Campbell Childress was called "The Father of Texas Declaration of Independence." There are twenty-one known Childress men who served in the American Revolution. I would like to hear from anyone who is interested in this name or interested in learning the parents of Guilford Pleasant Childress, who was born December 23, 1795 in

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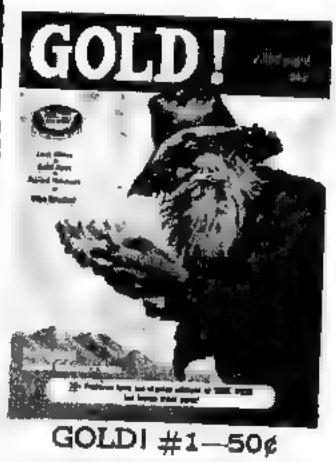
—Joseph Conrad



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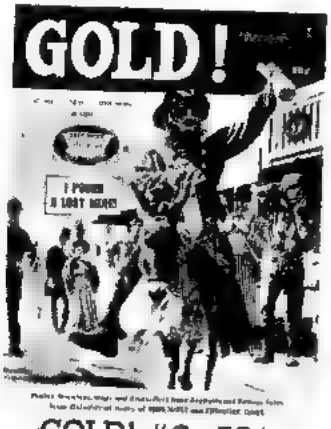

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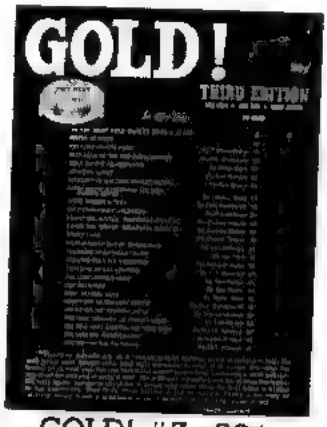

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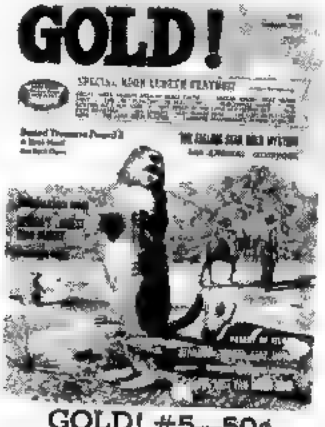

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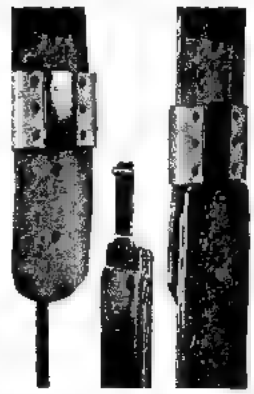

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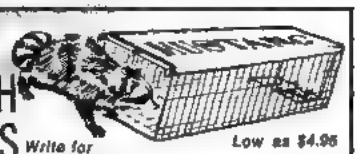

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SEE PAGE 7

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JOE HALL, Box 17871T, El Paso, Texas 79917

Warren County, North Carolina and married Nicey Collins in September, 1818 in Lincoln County, North Carolina. Old Bible pages give the name of Augustus L. Gildea, born on Friday, January 13, 1849 along with other Childress family names. Any clue to who this person may be or what relation he had to the Childress family will be greatly appreciated. He is believed to have lived in south Texas as a young man and may have come from Mississippi along with Solomon Collin Childress family.

Also would like any information on Allen Wood, born February 6, 1789 in Wilkes County, North Carolina. He married Rebecca Pearson (Pierson) circa 1816 but place of marriage is unknown. Need Rebecca's birthplace, somewhere in South Carolina.

Finally, Andrew Danielly (Danley) married Jane Harris in 1790 in Richmond County, Georgia and second, Rhoda (Simmons?) circa 1800, place unknown. Need Andrew Danielly's parents' names, place of birth, date of second marriage. —Mrs. C. L. Neill, Box 103, Pharr, Texas 78577

Lloyd Lee Johnson

I would like to regain contact with my cousin, Lloyd Lee Johnson, who moved from St. Louis, Missouri to Akron, Ohio and from there to Oklahoma. I don't know where in Oklahoma, as I was in the process of moving and lost his address. If anyone has information concerning him, please write me.—R. M. B., Box 53, Sulphur Springs, Missouri 63083

Henry Jacobs

Henry Jacobs was born March 4, 1796 (1776?). Legend says he was born at sea, en route from Europe to the United States. His wife, Elizabeth Wilhelm, was born January 4, 1811 in Tennessee. They were married October 30, 1828 in Adams Co., Illinois. Henry served as a private in the Black Hawk War from June 18 to August 16, 1832, in Captain Pierce's Company of the Illinois Volunteers, Col. Jacob Fry, regimental commander. A Henry Jacobs is listed in the 1840 census under Lee Co., Iowa. My great-grandfather, Henry Jacobs, died September 13, 1844. Three of his minor children died between August 22 and September 4, 1844. I seek knowledge of parents and brothers and sisters of this Henry Jacobs.—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Efner

I will welcome any and all information on the name Efner and its variant spellings, Effner, Efnor, etc. The family supposedly arrived in this country in 1711. I specifically need information on the following: Joseph Efner, famous rococo artist and architect in Munich, Bavaria; his probable son, Valentine Efner; Valentine's probable sons, Joseph (who stated that records of his birth existed in one of the Lutheran churches in New York City about 1760), Henry, William and John; Jerome Bonepart Efner, my grandfather's brother, who went south and died fighting for the Confederacy; Monroe Efner and descendants; their sisters, Katherine (Efner) Mendenhall, Columbia Anna (Efner) Mitchell (wife of Dr. Mitchell, believed to have lived in Washington State), and Americana (Efner) Knott, last known in Sapulpa, Oklahoma; Dr. Earl Efner of Chesaw and Oroville, Washington State.—William C. Efner, 440 Chama, S.E., Apt. D, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

Stewart

I will appreciate information on any of the following persons: S. W. Stewart (b. May 12, 1804), S. J. Stewart (b. June 2, 1844), Jacob Cantonwine (b. 1815), and Christina Cantonwine (b. 1816). S. J. Stewart married a Susan Cantonwine on May 13, 1866 at Eldora, Hardin Co., Iowa. Rosa Alice Stewart was born in 1868, Hardin Co. She married Edward Lucine Wetzler in Sarby Co., Iowa on May 19, 1886. Edward Lucine Wetzler was born May 12, 1864 and died Dec. 11, 1936. —Mrs. Barbara Blum, N. 4814 Jefferson, Spokane, Washington 99208

"Keep runnin', Jack! I think they're on to us!"

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

"Cimarron Rose" was a gunman's Moll. Mrs. Zoe Tilghman wrote me a letter, a caustic calldown.

I replied that the outlaws at Ingalls were just as bad as John Dillinger (in my opinion), and I'd bet that if Bill Tilghman had been at Ingalls and had been killed with the gun Cimarron Rose gave to "Bitter Creek," Mrs. Tilghman wouldn't have considered her a glamorous good girl. Mrs. Tilghman didn't answer. Somehow I failed to keep Mrs. Tilghman's letter which would probably be a collector's item now.

Several years ago there was a letter or article in TRUE WEST stating that the murderer of Judge Albert Fountain was known and that as soon as certain persons were dead (and at that time they were very old), this information would be released. I'm wondering if that information can now be released?

With the various articles on cowboy movie stars, I'm wondering when you will have one on Buck Jones? He was not a flashy grand-stander like Tom Mix or a stodgy one like Jack Hoxie, but I think one of the smoothest Western stars. *Photoplay* said he was called the most gentlemanly star in Hollywood and he died saving the lives of others.

A family named Villines from Dixon Kentucky (our county seat) moved to Indianapolis, Indiana. In his early days Buck Jones boarded in their home and liked the little girl and boy of the family and promised he'd someday use them in a movie. At the time he died they were grown up and he had promised them parts in his next movie, which was to be a departure for him—a sea movie. I still have the clipping telling of this that I cut from a paper shortly after his death. These people were very distant relatives of mine and as far as I know were never in a movie.

In my childhood at Madisonville, Kentucky I used to go each year to the Hopkins County Fair, "Greater and Grander Than Ever," and really no expense was spared to live up to that slogan. Horse races, auto races, balloon ascensions, etc. Kearney, one of the original barnstormers, was there in 1913 with his pusher type plane. A short time later he fell in San Francisco Bay with a passenger and the body of one of them never was found.

Horse races were started by firing a gun; the starter limped and it was said it was Frank James and that he limped from a bullet wound he got in a bank hold-up. Does anyone know—did Frank James limp? And did he travel around to fairs, starting horse races?—Cecil D. Clayton, Slaughters, Kentucky 42456

Holton State Bank Robbery

Western Publications' magazines have come full circle in my reading enjoyment of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Have subscribed to both for almost a year now but in building my collection of earlier issues I pick them up at used magazine stands whenever possible. In San Diego last week, found TRUE WEST for June 1966 and that evening read the story, "The Man Who Lived With Greed" by Orpha Collins. Was greatly surprised to find that part of the action took place in my home town of Holton, Kansas and the mention of the Holton State Bank in Jackson County brought back sixty-year-old memories. When in the second or third grade I passed the bank going to and from school. After school a playmate and I used to stop at the side door of the bank where the janitor swept the sawdust sweeping compound out onto the ground between the sidewalk and curbing. We would look for rubber bands and paper clips which, for some reason, seemed to be real treasures. Never once since those early days did I ever suspect that this sedate old bank ever witnessed such a history-making happening.—Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

Killed by Cougars

I found the story about Viola Herrick's experience with a cougar (October 1970 TRUE WEST) interesting because I've lived near cougar country since 1936 and have personally known several cougar hunters. A cougar (like John Huff said) is often curious and will follow a trapper, hunter or other persons for several miles before it quits and goes elsewhere. Very seldom will it attack a human being unless cornered or wounded. Then it's equally as dangerous as a female bear defending her cubs.

I know of only two instances where humans were killed by a cougar. The late Ed Young of Wenatchee, Washington told me of a government trapper called "Beaver Jack" who was killed by a cougar in the early days in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho. He had shot a deer and was carrying the hind quarters back to his cabin when the cougar jumped and killed him. It probably smelled the fresh meat and didn't know Jack was not part of what the cougar thought was a wounded deer.

When Jack failed to show up at home a search was made for him and his body was found on a mountainside with part of the deer meat beside him. After his death they found out his last name was Puray (or similar to that). Otherwise he was just Beaver Jack and was married to a Nez Perce squaw named Maggie, and Maggie's Bend on the Locsha River in Idaho is named after her. This isn't far from Packers Meadow and Indian post office and the new Lewis and Clark Highway goes close to these places. Ed Young told me he helped survey the first road through this area and that is how he got to know Beaver Jack and how he was killed by a hungry cougar.

The other victim was a twelve-year-old boy who was killed between Malott and Okanogan, Washington. This cougar also ate part of its victim. After hunters killed several cougars the last one had bits of cloth and buttons from the boy's clothing in its stomach. Among those hunting for this cougar were the late county sheriff Boyd Hildebrand and a government hunter, the late "Cougar Pete" Peterson and his hounds.

I also heard of a cougar trying to attack a couple of young school children

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(a boy and girl). In those days school books were often buckled on the end of a leather strap. When the cougar got close enough, the boy swung his bundle of books and hit the cougar on the nose. Then he and the girl managed to run to safety while the big cat nursed a sore nose. There's also a native lady in Norway who was carried away by an eagle when she was very small. She is now married and has a family.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Harry Yount, Grizzly Hunter

Just finished the October 1970 TRUE WEST and as usual, it is the best. I seldom find an issue that does not mention some place or someone that I have known and this makes it doubly interesting to me.

In "The Prince of Packers" by Agnes Wright Spring, I noticed the name of Harry Yount, government forester of Yellowstone Park. Harry was the first government forester appointed to the Park Service and has a peak named in his honor.

He was a good friend of my father, Rodney Darst, and I can remember that many times when we would go into Wheatland, Wyoming from our ranch, we would call on Old Harry. I have no idea how old he was (this was in the early '20s) but to me it seemed he must have been close to 100. His eyes were always inflamed and the lower lids dropped away from the eyeballs, as did those of so many who braved the rough elements of that country. I rather suspect that the hard wind that blew there all winter may have been a contributing factor. Note that I say wind, not winds, as we only had one long wind each winter, from October to April! Sometimes it blew harder than others, and on those days it would blow your saddle blanket right out from under your saddle!

On one of our visits to Harry, he told us of a big grizzly bear that he had killed in the Goshen Hole of eastern Wyoming. This would be somewhere south of Ft. Laramie and not far from Torrington. He had killed a lot of grizzlies but this one was the largest of them all, and it must have been one of the prairie grizzlies that grew much larger than the mountain bears. There are a few of them left up in the Swan Hills of Alberta, Canada, strictly protected now.

Harry had some drawings or a picture of the skull and about all I can remember is that he said, "It measured fourteen inches between the ears, and had legs as big as stovepipes." I would like to find this old drawing but have never had time to look for it when I was back in Wheatland.

When I remember Harry Yount, he was living alone and doing his own cooking, but after I left in 1927 he was taken care of by the Patsy Mullinses or Henry Mullinses, I am not sure which. As I recall, he died sometime in the early '30s. He is buried in the cemetery south of Wheatland, I believe.

I think Harry had a homestead west of Wheatland which contained a deposit of marble. He tried to promote it, but it was cracked up too badly to produce large slabs. Now it is crushed into white gravel for roofs and driveways.

In Virginia Cole Trenholm's book, *Footprints on the Frontier*, she tells of a Dutch George who was killed by a grizzly bear near Laramie Peak. She says that Harry Yaunt wrote an epitaph for Dutch George, whose name was George Ware, had it inscribed on a slab of native marble and placed it on the grave. She spells Harry's name "Yaunt" but it may have been spelled "Yount." Death records in Platte County would give the correct spelling. Also, my dad said George's name was spelled "Wier" which would be more likely. The epitaph my dad quoted is a little different from Mrs. Trenholm's book, like this:

"The greatest nimrod of the West,
Beneath this stone, he lies at rest.
While hunting Grizzly near Laramie Peak,
He on a Grizzly did creep.
He only stunned him in his lair,
And the bear sprang forth and killed
George Weir."

Many times my dad pointed out the place where Weir was buried, but I do not believe that Harry ever put up the stone. He was buried near a sandstone bluff about a mile north and west of the old town of Uva, Wyoming. Uva used to be where the big Laramie and North Laramie rivers converged and was not far from Ft. Laramie. It was the fun town for the cattle drives from Texas, following the Platte River, and at one time had twelve saloons. Uva got its start from a little store run by Billy Bacon and his wife, who settled there prior to 1878. Later on Harry Ralston developed a fine ranch there. Uva got its name from the Spanish word for grape, as there were lots of wild grapes there.

Mrs. Trenholm's book, published in 1945 by the Douglas Wyoming Enterprise, gives an excellent history of this part of Wyoming, but it was a limited edition of only 1,000 and I do not believe it has been reprinted.

I arrived on the scene in 1908, so didn't help make any history, but I did hear of and knew some of these old timers.—Cal Darst, East 1807 Decatur Spokane, Washington 99207

Rochester, Montana

We are writing to request a copy of a back issue containing the story of Rochester, Montana. We camped out one weekend on the site of this old town and the mine known as the Watseca. The remains seem to be those of more than one generation. The town has been mutilated by the elements and by humans.

We had hoped to find some relics such as bottles and dishes. We found much evidence of both—mostly fragments. Target practice by weapons enthusiasts has beaten us to the draw—along with nature herself!

We felt a strange, restless, quiet about the area. We built a campfire, pitched our tent (for it was raining), cooked bacon and beans, brewed strong black coffee. As we sat quietly eating our

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meal, we became lost in thought, back to a time of life unfamiliar to us.

We found little of monetary value in Rochester's ruins. A few pots and pans, some log cabin syrup tins, a broken mustache cup, a glass button, a "soap shaver" (similar to a grater) with the words "Rochester Soap Shaver" patent applied for.

We will return again and again—but perhaps a little more familiar with its history for we are now in the process of research on that.—Mrs. Calvin D. Clark, 1015 Lewisohn, Butte, Montana 59701

Albert Downey, Stage Driver

Your readers may be interested in learning of the passing of one of our old-timers in this area. He was Albert Downey, one of the last of the old stage drivers. Born at Buena Vista, Colorado February 20, 1883, he passed away at Rifle, Colorado April 6, 1971. He ranched with his parents near Eagle, Colorado. When he was a young man he drove a stagecoach from Buena Vista to Twin Lakes, Colorado.

When stages went out of style he was employed as a fireman on the old Midland Railroad, which has been out of existence for many years. I never was real well-acquainted with him but knew him ever since I moved to this city in 1949. We all like our old-timers and hate to see them go, but know it has to be.—Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

Christmas in Shingle Springs

I was very much interested in the story in your June issue entitled "Grass Grown Streets in Sierra Nevada." It so happens, I lived in that country in 1914 and 1915 and have been in the towns Placerville, Diamond Springs, Eldorado Springs and Shingle Springs. I lived most of the time in Placerville and for a short time in Shingle Springs.

Eldorado Springs was quite a lively town in those years and I recall attending a New Years Dance there in the town dance hall. That was New Years 1915. There were a number of couples from Placerville and a few from Shingle Springs.

I also recall attending a Christmas Eve program in a small schoolhouse south of Shingle Springs in 1914. I had a date with a rancher's daughter whose name I will not mention. They lived a few miles south of Shingle. To me, this program was exciting because of the fact that night when old Saint Nick was in the process of handing out the gifts he got his whiskers too close to one of the tallow candles on the tree and they caught fire. The fire spread to the rest of his costume and things got pretty lively as the men hurried to the stage to put out his fire. Well, old Santa really came in and left in a blaze of glory. Literally, that is. No one was injured but it sure put a damper on the festivities.

Who knows, some reader may recall this event. If the rancher's daughter reads this, I am sure she will remember well.—John H. Conlin, 2923 South 9th Street, Star Route 1, Deming, New Mexico, 88030.

The Garcia Saddle

I have never appealed for information with such a response from readers as my request about the Garcia saddle has brought forth. In the December 1970 issue of TRUE WEST, you published many of the letters which pertained to the Garcia family and the famous saddle. Your readers may enjoy the following additional communications which have come to me from various parts of the country.—Agnes Wright Spring, Willets, California 95490

Carson City, Nevada—The fuzzy old picture from my old catalog came out surprisingly well (in the December copy of TRUE WEST), did it not? Reading your letter reminded me that my forgetter is leading me to make statements in error. I think I told you I remembered that the Old Garcia saddle had silver ornaments across the front of the seat with likenesses of Cheyenne Frontier Days' grand marshals. I seem to have been correct only in the case of one plaque having Teddy Roosevelt's picture on it. I'd forgotten that the ornaments were of gold! I regret now that I did not pay more attention to the old saddle and even try to get a picture of it but, at the time I talked to Les I was having him repair an old bit his dad made in Elko and asking questions about old-time bit and spur makers.—"Bob" Robertson.

Lawrence, Kansas—I have read the article on the Garcia Saddlery Company in the December 1970 issue of TRUE WEST with considerable interest. I had one of their catalogs at one time, but I did not have enough understanding to keep it. I used to work on ranches in New Mexico and always wanted a Garcia saddle (as a matter of fact, I still do). I can yet remember how impressed I was with the leather tooling and those silver bits. The only other saddle maker that I know which I respect is Olsen-Stelzer of Henrietta, Texas. Those boys know the backs of horses and make saddles for working cowboys, such as those of the Waggoner and 6666 ranches. Most people do not realize that a Quarter Horse takes a wider tree than other breeds. I do not cowboy anymore, I am curator of Western Americana in the Kenneth Spencer Research Library, University of Kansas.—Frank Aydelotte.

Dos Palos, California—Enclosed is a picture of G. S. Garcia mounted on the $5,000 saddle. I just read your letter in TRUE WEST, and though a little late in getting in my small amount of information, in 1913 I went to Elko, Nevada. Garcia had the saddle shop and the family lived upstairs over the shop. Les Garcia and I are the same age. In the four years we lived there I got pretty well acquainted with the Garcia family. The saddle shop at that time was the meeting house for cowmen and cowboys.

At that time G. S. Garcia put on the Elko Rodeo which was where I first became interested in rodeo. He furnished the bucking horses and on occasion rented some from my father as we had a horse outfit at that time.

I realize, knowing the Garcia boys as I knew them, what difficulty you experienced in getting any information from

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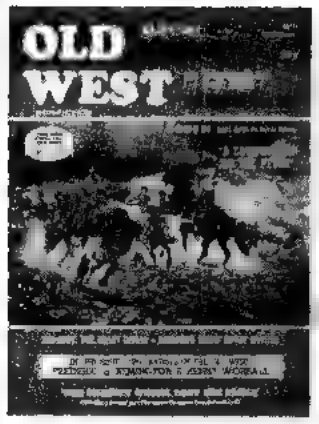

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them. As the others who answered your request will attest they were and still are very reticent to talk or show much interest in anything except their own business.

Last report I had on the saddle it was stored in a vault in Reno. This was from an old friend of mine about two years ago. Les Garcia had told him, so we will have to assume that is probably where it is.

My grandfather, Charles Pollard of Omaha, was associated with J. S. Collins, one-time sutler, cattleman and businessman of old Fort Laramie.—H. C. Pollard.

Story, Wyoming—You wanted some data on the Garcia saddle. It was made in Elko, Nevada. The last saddle they made was about 1919 and was supposed to be made for Ted Walsh of Arvada, Wyoming on Powder River. It weighed twenty-six pounds. The Garcia Saddle Company has been out of business for a long time.—J. S. Walker.

Inglewood, California—The first time I ever saw the $5,000 Garcia saddle was at Elko, Nevada at the Garcia Saddlery Shop, located at 532 Commercial Street about 1925. I sat in the saddle and immediately became Tom Mix a-heading for the last roundup. Another time still in 1925, I became Buck Jones, headin' off the bad guys up in Railroad Pass. Another time I sat astride a rather beautiful Arabian horse in that diamond, gold and silver saddle prior to being kicked out of it by Joe Harris, the sheriff of Elko County. Joe was to lead a parade of champions at the rodeo grounds owned by Guadalupe Santiago Garcia and Sons.

In your letter to TRUE WEST, you stated that you had a description of the $5,000 Garcia saddle as coming from a magazine, "Sons of Colorado." This description is partially right or I should say true, with the exception that the cantle plates of solid silver were of .999 Fine (almost pure) and were engraved in Open Filigree, to show exquisite detail of the eagle feathers and outstretched talons while standing upon the globe of the World! One time, as I remember it, G. S. Garcia told me that buttons on the frock coat that Teddy Roosevelt wore when he rode that saddle, distorted some of the filigree work, and Lupe had to carefully straighten it out to avoid further damage to that engraving.

The last time I saw the valuable saddle, I again sat in it in Les Garcia's store in Salinas, California next to the El Cortez Hotel back in 1940. Upon recent investigation the saddle now rests on a stuffed horse someplace in one of Reno's largest casinos and if not there, in the foyer of one of Reno's larger banks.—Donald Everett Getz [NOTE: Mr. Getz gave many more details about the $5,000 Garcia saddle, but since he is preparing to write an article about the Garcias, we are publishing here only a few of his comments.—A. W. Spring.]

Spokane, Washington—I just read your letter in TRUE WEST. I wasn't sure whether you wanted to locate just the one fancy saddle or if you had been seeking information on any and all Garcia saddles. I have an old Garcia A fork centerfire that my uncle left me. He had it for many years and had bought it second-hand. It was originally sold to Alec I. Dyer of Austin, Nevada, who later sold it to my uncle, Albert Henderson Daniels. Both were noted bronc riders in the Austin area. My uncle had a ranch for many years in the Kingston Canyon of the Big Smoky Valley west of Austin. Albert also had a Garcia bit and spurs but they "evaporated" before I got possession of his ranch.—William E. Daniels.

Atascadero, California—You wanted to know about the Garcia saddle. My cousin can tell you many things about it as he knows all about the saddle. He rode on it many times and grew up with all the Garcia cousins. We were up to see Les last summer and the saddle is in the best shape. Mr. Lupe Garcia was my husband's uncle.—Mrs. Robert G. Garcia.

Atascadero, California—I am a very good friend of Robert Garcia. He is a cousin of Les and Henry and lives here in Santa Margarita. Have heard Robert speak many times of this saddle as he lived with Les Garcia twenty years and cowboyed in Nevada.—Arthur G. Reuter.

North Tonawanda, New York— I was reading the TRUE WEST magazine last night and read the letter you wrote on the Garcia saddle. In August 1970 I was on a camping trip out West and I believe I saw this saddle in a museum in the basement at Deadwood, South Dakota.

One of the main reasons I remembered the saddle was I remembered at the time of saying that the State of Nevada would sure like to get possession of the saddle with the state seal on it. I am visiting my dad in Florida and he has a great time reading the TRUE WEST magazine.—Earl C. Huskins.

Vietnam, 101 St. Abn, Div.,—Believe it or not, TRUE WEST makes it to the newsstands in Vietnam! I was particularly pleased to pick up a copy of the December issue two days ago and immediately noticed your article-length letter on the Garcia saddle.

Articles on saddles are few and far between or nonexistent and your research on the Garcia saddle was top notch. There is nothing unfortunately which I can contribute to your research for that saddle but perhaps you might be able to help me a bit. Is your interest in saddles in general or strictly in that one particular saddle?

Although several are little more than remains, I have eleven saddles at present and three of them are real beauties. I began collecting only a short time back after I'd entered the army. Now with less than a month remaining in the Army, I'll be starting where I left off and I'd like to correspond with others who know something of old saddles. I've got one old Garcia bit that is set with silver.—1st Lt. Ralph A. Heinz, 4056 W. 204th Street, Fairview Park, Ohio 44126.

Shatterhand

I think that what happened to me today was one of the most unusual coincidences of my life. I had just finished reading "Truly Western" in the June TRUE WEST and saw the letter about Karl May and his stories about the West. It mentioned Lex Barker as "Shatterhand" and that intrigued me because this same night the 11:30 p.m. movie on TV was "The Apache's Last Battle" with Lex Barker as Shatterhand. Now I ask you, "Ain't that something thin'?"

The picture was made in Yugoslavia and the voices are dubbed in.—Jim La Bella, 194 Cambridge Drive, East Hartford, Connecticut 06118

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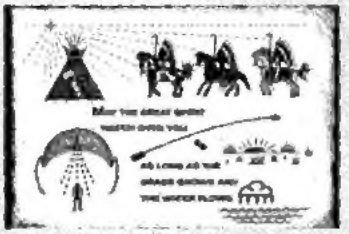

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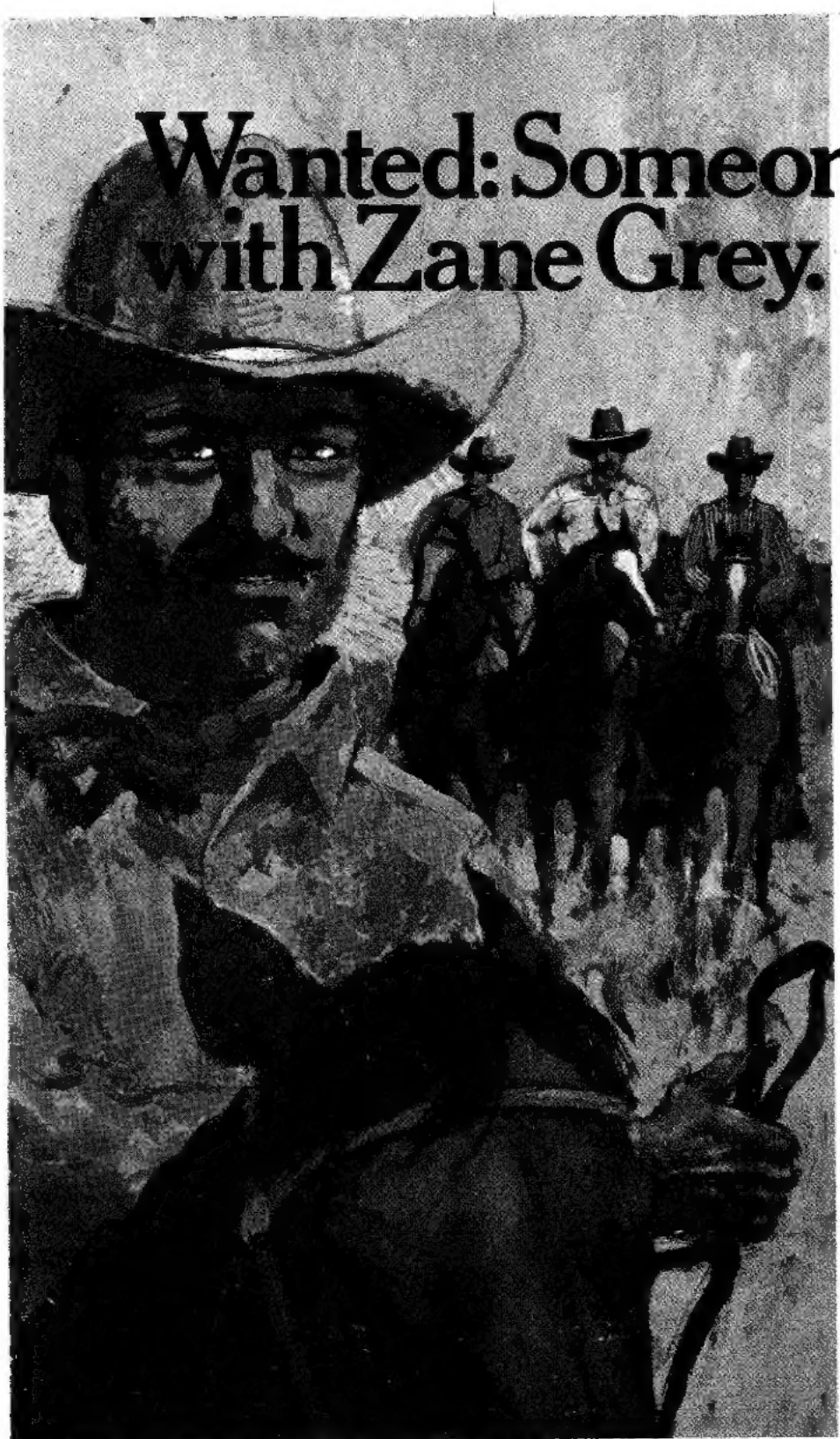

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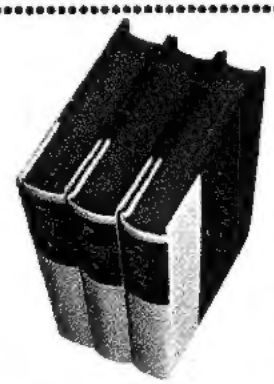

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